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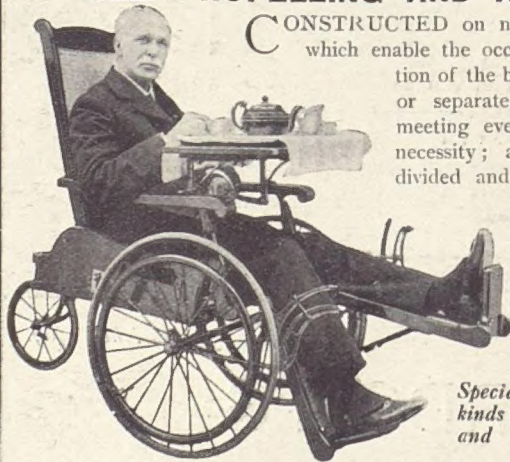
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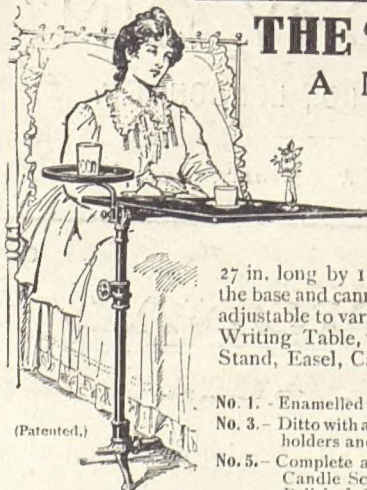


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The Sketch

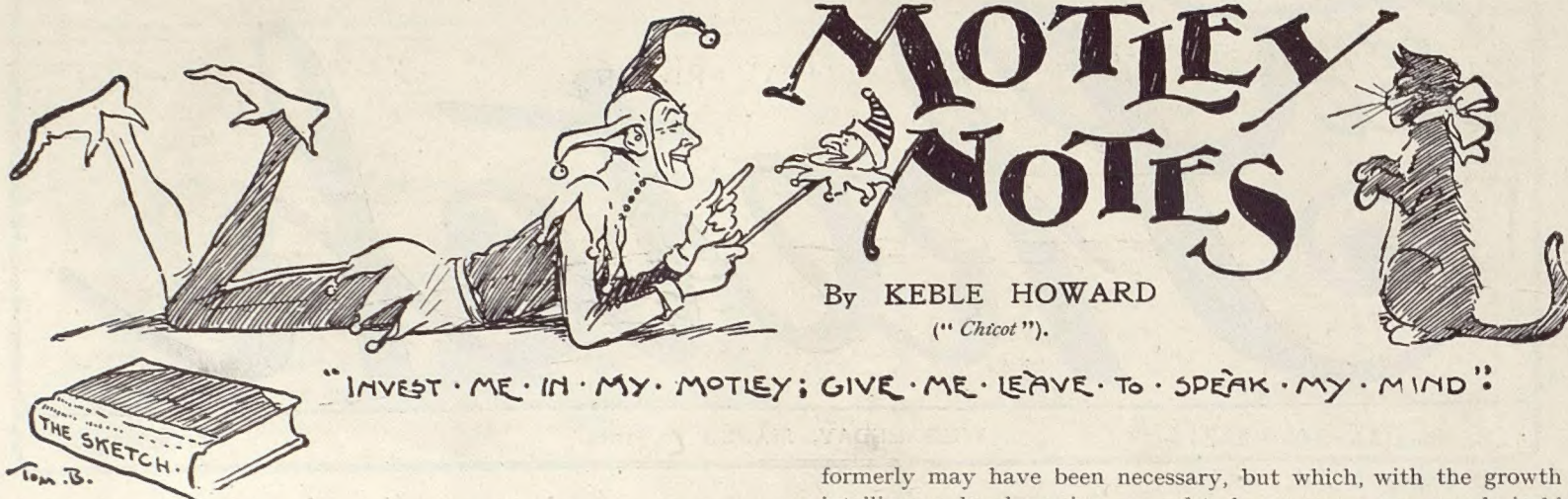
No. 1154.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



THE LUCK OF "SHELL-OUT" PLAYERS IN THE DARDANELLES: THE MASCOT BIRD OF H.M.S. "AGAMEMNON."



Mr. Shaw in America. The Suffrage question in this country was placed on a very high shelf from the moment of the outbreak of war. Nothing else could have happened. You cannot very well write men down as cowards and dolts when they are fighting for you, and working for you, and dying for you.

But that the Suffrage question is still active in America is clear from the fact that such a brilliant little paper as the new *Puck* should think it worth while to devote a whole issue to the question. From my point of view, as an Englishman, the most interesting contribution to the issue is a cablegram—nothing less, mind you, the subject brooking of no delay—from Mr. Bernard Shaw. The cablegram is reproduced in facsimile, and this is what Mr. Shaw has to say—

WHEN ARE THE WOMEN GOING TO TELL US WHAT THEY SURELY HAVE TO SAY ABOUT WAR? AND HOW SOON THEY INTEND TO STOP IT OR HAVE THEY ALL BECOME CHILDISH AND UNREASONABLE OR VILLAINOUS AND COWARDLY OR ROMANTIC AND IMPOSSIBLE LIKE THE OTHER SEX. SHAW.

So now, friend the reader, you can choose whether you will be in the

- (a) Childish and unreasonable Class, or the
- (b) Villainous and cowardly Class, or the
- (c) Romantic and impossible Class.

Since Mr. Shaw uses the word "all," you must be in one of them.

Calm and Quiet Contemplation.

Let us consider this cablegram from the point of view of the sender. He is, of course, as anxious as the rest of us to see the end of this war. He would not, therefore, do or say anything that would be likely to prolong the war. So much we may take for granted. This cablegram was written for the American public. It tells the American public, on the authority of a prominent English writer—an English writer (I am not going to split hairs about Irish and English at a time like this) who has been flattered by the English public to the extent of hundreds of columns and thousands of pounds—that such men as Lord Kitchener, Sir John Jellicoe, General French, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir John Fisher, the Bishop of London, to say nothing of the other millions witless enough to support and enjoy Mr. Shaw's works, are either childish and unreasonable, villainous and cowardly, or romantic and impossible.

Now, the point is, how is that cablegram going to help Mr. Shaw in his merciful campaign of bringing the war to an end as soon as possible? What is the ultimate idea—for surely such a clear-headed, reasonable, unromantic, honest, brave man as Mr. Shaw would not despatch a cablegram to America and allow it to be reproduced in facsimile there unless he hoped it would help to conclude the war? What is the purpose of the cablegram? I confess that, from the patriotic point of view, or the humane point of view, it eludes me. There is a point of view, of course, which might explain it, but I prefer to ignore that.

"The Etiquette of Saluting."

Under the above heading, a vigorous correspondence is going forward in the *Evening Standard*. When half the nation is either saluting or being saluted, it is not at all surprising that some people should wonder why they do it, and when they should do it, and whether they really ought to do it. One writer, for example, says: "It is the sign of the servility of the man to the officer, which

formerly may have been necessary, but which, with the growth of intelligence, has long since ceased to be necessary, or even desirable." And again: "Though it grates on one's nerves to salute men whom in private life one would never dream of asking within one's house, I have done it on duty punctiliously."

This gentleman, of course, entirely mistakes the whole meaning of the matter. The salute is most certainly not a sign of servility of the man to the officer, nor does it matter twopence what your personal opinion may be of the man you salute. The salute honours the man who gives it even more than it honours the man who receives it. The man of right feeling is conscious of a thrill of pride when he salutes his superior officer. Everybody, or almost everybody, who has ever given a salute knows that. And why is it? Because the salute means: "I do this in token of my allegiance to the King and the King's Forces. I am one of the men upon whom you will have to rely in battle, and I show you by this token that you may rely upon me to the full." That is what the salute means. Away with the bourgeois thought that there is anything personal or servile in it! For heaven's sake, let us grasp the chance this war has given us of being, if only for a period, great-minded.

An Interesting Poster.

The following poster may be of interest at this juncture to readers of *The Sketch*. I may not say how I came by it. Perhaps in a dream. However, be that as it may—

ROYAL INTERNATIONAL OPERA HOUSE CONSTANTINOPLE

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Will shortly have the honour to present

"A SCRAP OF PAPER."

Preceded each evening at eight o'clock by

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On Saturday evenings, by special request, the performance will conclude with the popular sketch

"I'VE SEEN THE 'AREM."

Turkish Coffee and Cigarettes served Gratis at each performance. For the convenience of the Public, Battle-ships and Destroyers will arrive by way of the Dardanelles and leave by way of the Bosphorus.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The band of H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* will play selections from the following—

"Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."

"Blow the man down."

"Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden."

"I'm very fond of water."

"Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal."

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

DETAILS OF FURTHER PERFORMANCES IN BERLIN AND VIENNA WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN DUE COURSE.

A Triolet to "Lizzie."

I have racked my brains for a triolet to that delightful creature, H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, but no triolet will come. Perhaps one of my readers may be inspired? You know the rules for the triolet; if you don't, see a recent Number of *The Sketch*. I am sure my Editor will allow me to publish the best received. In times of peace, I have been known to offer a prize; but in times of war, so far as I am concerned, honour must needs be its own reward.

BY A FRENCH OFFICER: SILHOUETTES FROM THE FRONT.



1. A BRITISH TROOPER.

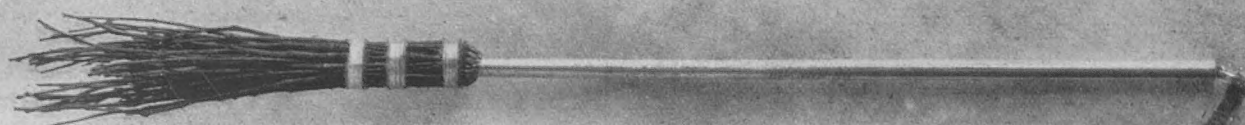
2 and 3. SCOTLAND FOR EVER!

4. KING GEORGE AT THE FRONT.

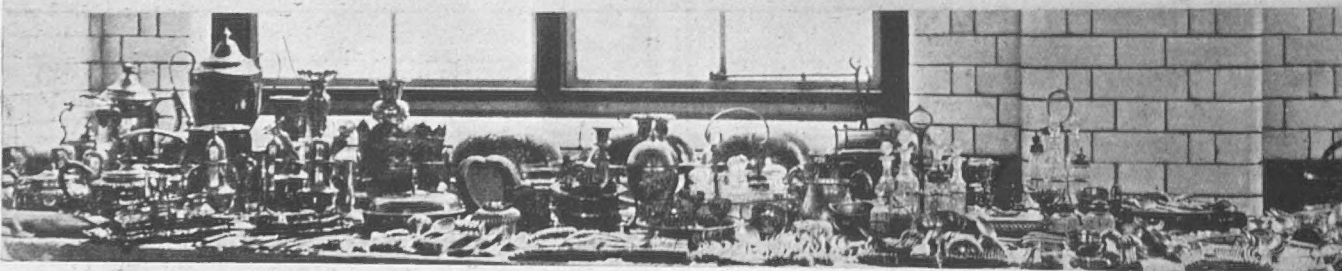
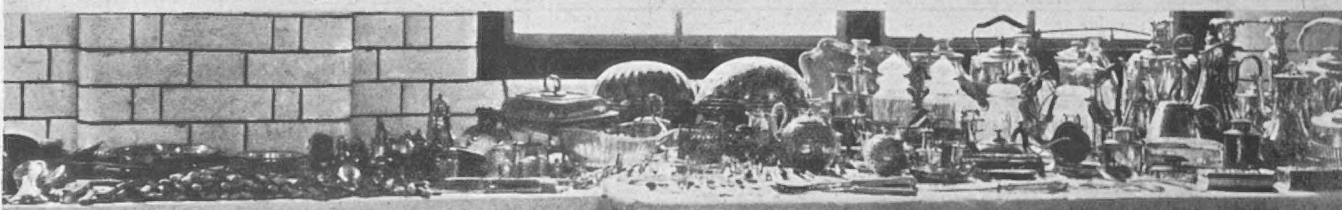
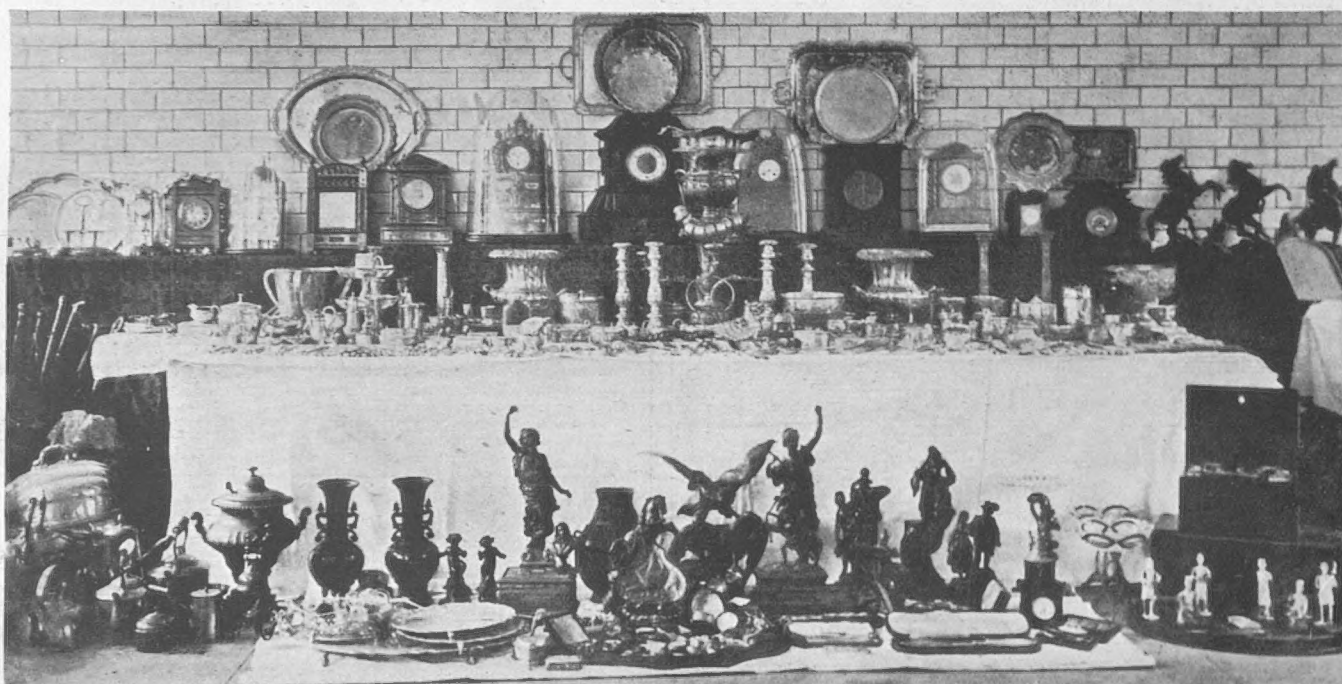
5. THE STAND.

These very interesting silhouettes from the front were drawn, with pen and ink, by a French officer wounded during those days of the Great War in which the King was with his troops in France.

CLEAN SWEEPS: A MODERN VAN TROMP AND A BIG "SWAG."



FOR ADMIRAL JELlicoe TO CARRY AT HIS MAST-HEAD? A SILVER BROOM PRESENTED TO HIM IN HONOUR OF THE "CLEAN SWEEP" OF 1914.



A CLEAN SWEEP BY THE METROPOLITAN POLICE: THE "BOODLE" FROM MANY BURGLARIES SEIZED AT A HOUSE IN CHISWICK.

The silver broom shown in the upper photograph has been presented to Admiral Jellicoe, as the inscription on it records, "by the inhabitants of Butterworth, Transkei, Cape Province, as a mark of gratitude and appreciation for the clean sweep of 1914." The lower photograph shows a haul of stolen goods in connection with what is described as the biggest receiving case in the history of the Metropolitan Police. The articles, which are valued at something between £4000 and £5000, and are supposed to be the proceeds of numerous London burglaries, were removed in two pantech-

nicons, by the police, from a house in Chiswick, and were immediately placed on view in the parade-room of the police-station in Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, where the public were invited to inspect the goods with a view to identifying lost property. Nine cases of burglary have already been traced through this haul. The collection includes jewellery, silver-ware, bronzes, and *objets d'art* of all descriptions. In addition, the house at Chiswick contained a fine collection of pictures, including works attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co. and C.N.]

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF THE BEATTY TOUCH: "SHEELAH."



1. LADY BEATTY'S HELP TO THE NAVY: THE LOUNGE-ROOM OF HER YACHT, "SHEELAH," TURNED INTO AN X-RAY WARD.
2. ON BOARD LADY BEATTY'S YACHT, "SHEELAH," DOING DUTY AS A NAVAL HOSPITAL-SHIP: THE OPERATING-THEATRE.
3. IN THE CONVALESCENTS' SMOKING-QUARTERS IN LADY BEATTY'S YACHT, "SHEELAH": MIDSHIPMAN GRIER, WOUNDED IN THE "TIGER," AT THE BATTLE OF THE DOGGER BANK.

Within a week of the outbreak of the war, Lady Beatty, the wife of the victor in the Dogger Bank battle, Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, had converted her yacht, the "Sheelah," then lying at Southampton for the Cowes Week which did not come off, into a hospital-ship for the service of the Navy, and placed it at the disposal

of the Admiralty. Completely equipped as a floating hospital, and with wards fitted up as we see above, the "Sheelah" sailed immediately the yacht was ready for her officially appointed destination. Sir Alfred Fripp and Mr. A. M. Shield gave their services as consulting-surgeons, and Lady Beatty herself accompanied the yacht.

Photographs by C.N.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Austria and the Austrians. Edited by L. G. Redmond-Howard. 1s. net.
(Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent.)
Nelson's Legacy. Frank Danby. 16s.
(Cassell.)
General Joffre. By a French Gunner. 1s.
(Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent.)
The British Navy in War. L. G. Carr Laughton. 1s.
(Methuen.)
Spring Flowers. Gertrude Vogel. (Black.)
How Belgium Saved Europe. Charles Sarolea. 2s. 6d. net.
(Heinemann.)
The Russian Problem. Paul Vinogradoff, F.B.A. 1s. net.
(Constable.)

FICTION.

Grocer Greathart. Arthur H. Adams. 6s.
(Bodley Head.)
Agnes. George Sandeman. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)
Windylow. Kineton Parkes. 6s.
(Fisher Unwin.)
The Family. Elinor Mordaunt. 6s.
(Methuen.)
The 30 Days. Hubert Wales. 6s. (Cassell.)
11 Other Days. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s.
(Methuen.)
The Voice of the Turtle. Frederick Watson. 6s.
(Methuen.)
A Pillar of Salt. H. W. C. Newte. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)
The Lone Wolf. Louis J. Vance. 6s. (Nash.)

FICTION—(Continued)

Big Tremaine. Marie van Vorst. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
The Child at the Window. William Hewlett. 6s.
(Secker.)
His Royal Happiness. Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). 6s.
(Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Great Hazard. Silas K. Hocking. 6s.
(Fisher Unwin.)
His Love or His Life. Richard Marsh. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)
Rain Before Seven. Eric Leadbitter. 6s.
(Allen.)
Lost Sheep. Vere Shortt. 6s. (Bodley Head.)
Sarabande. Gertrude A. Bell. 6s. (Greening.)
Beyond the Shadow. Joan Sutherland. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
Edgar Chirrup. Peggy Webbing. 6s. (Methuen.)
Love in a Palace. F. E. Penny. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)
A Yorkshireman Abroad. E. J. Smith. 3s. 6d.
(Long.)
Rose and Grey. Louise Heilgers. 1s. net.
(Dryden Press.)
A People's Man. E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s.
(Methuen.)
The Blind Spot. Justus M. Forman. 6s.
(Ward, Lock.)
Spray on the Windows. J. E. Buckrose. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
The Carnival of Florence. Marjorie Bowen. 6s.
(Methuen.)

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

OF some plays it may be said that, like Peter Pan, they never grow old. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" belongs to this category, and the reason why it never grows old is that it never was young. I well remember the first night, about fourteen years ago, at the Haymarket—when, by the way, the reception was less enthusiastic than last Saturday, at the Strand. The critics then had things to say about the extravagant white-washing of Nell, and also of the King, who threw away recklessly money that he obtained improperly, and, like *le roi d'Yvetot*, was the father of many more of his subjects than his wife knew of. However, Charles II. is ancient history, and so, too, is the first performance in England of "Sweet Nell," which, by effluxion of time, has acquired a sort of immunity from criticism. Its author, Mr. Paul Kester (assisted, I believe, by Mr. J. Hartley Manners, the parent of "Peg O' My Heart") has at the least provided Miss Julia Neilson with an excellent specimen of the kind of part in which she has earned immense popularity, and she plays it with enthusiasm. Not the least trace is visible in her work of the fact that she has acted it hundreds of times; but there is a freshness, a zest, in her performance that has caused it to earn roars of applause. Mr. Fred Terry is much in the same case with the character of the virtuous Stuart, in which his skill and graceful style are of great value to the play. The work of Mr. C. W. Somerset and Mr. Alfred Kendrick and Miss Perla Gardner must not be overlooked.

Once upon a time I had a friend who boasted truthfully that he could tell me the plot of every Drury Lane drama, including those produced by Sir Augustus Druriolanus, but he is dead now; perhaps too much knowledge killed him. My memory is not so dazzling, and at first I was a little puzzled by "The Whip," the Raleigh-Hamilton melodrama, revived at the Aldwych. Poor Cecil Raleigh!—a clever fellow, excellent craftsman and witty speaker: I believe that there was something better in him in the way of drama than ever came out. "The Whip" I might well have forgotten, since it was produced in 1909; but the memory of it quickly came back, and the recollection of its principal *clous*, the queer, rather shuddery, scene in the Chamber of Horrors at Mme. Tussaud's—where I should hardly care to spend a night, though my nerves are firm—and the railway accident, which might tax the resources of any stage. However, the skilful treatment at the Aldwych enabled the accident to thrill the house, which listened to the story of crime and punishment—not by Dostoeffsky—with great interest. The cast, I think, is entirely new. The Fanny Brough part—alas that we shall never see that brilliant actress again!—was played quite cleverly by Miss Naomi Neilson, an actress of talent with a valuable future, since it is difficult to get competent players for such work. Also, one may praise Mr. Arthur Poole, as the villain of the piece, and Mr. Jim Sinclair in the character of the trainer.

The success of "Kings and Queens," at the St. James's, is encouraging to those who think of presenting new plays. Fifty performances does not sound very much; yet "fifty, not out" is a respectable record, since the war began. No wonder people go to see the company of crowned heads, for it is well known the British public loves a nob, and here it can hob-nob with a whole collection of royalty, and find to its satisfaction that they are uncommonly like anybody else—a fact upon which the critics have pounced, alleging that you cannot be a King or a Queen without the crown affecting your character. Certainly you can't be a Kaiser without getting your head turned. The play, though it would hardly have made a name for Mr. Besier, the author, serves well enough for the players. Sir George's "Freddie," the elderly, naughty, amiable Emperor, shows him quite at his best, and keeps the audience chuckling throughout. Miss Marie Löhr is a delightful little Queen, with no regal airs and graces about her. The rest of the cast is very good.

"The Girl in the Taxi" is quite a locomotive piece, and after dwelling successfully in two playhouses, has driven off to a third. The New Theatre, where she still may be found. Miss Yvonne Arnaud, alas! has left the cast, and one who saw her in the part cannot be quite satisfied by any successor. However, a young Russian artiste, Mlle. Lyuba Liskoff, is now the Suzanne, and she is a lady of very considerable talent and charm, so the piece goes merrily in its new home.

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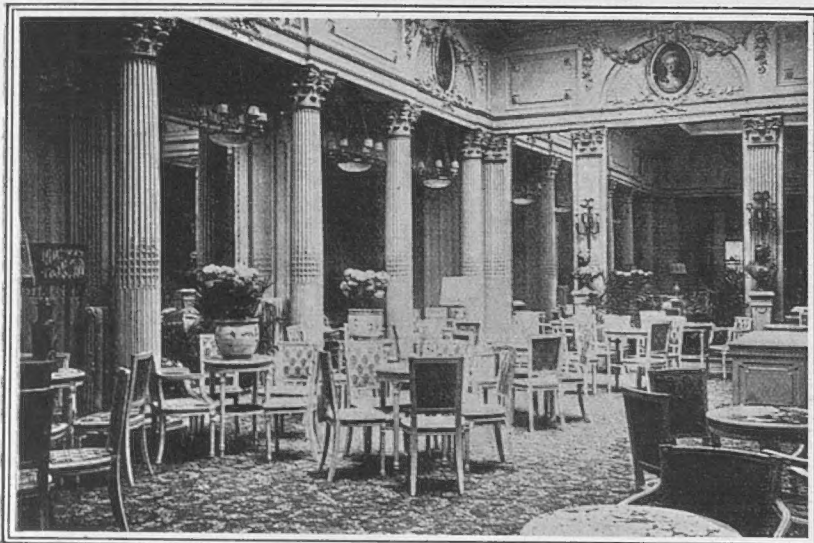


CIRO THE COSMOPOLITAN: A NEW CLUB FOR LONDON.

Ciro's in London. There is to be a *Ciro's* in London, just as there is a *Ciro's* in Monte Carlo, one in Paris, one in Deauville, and one at Luchon. But the London *Ciro's* is to be a club and not a public restaurant, for the restrictions imposed by law upon public restaurants in England are so cramping that it is only in a club that people who have been to the opera or the theatre can eat a supper in unhurried calm and without the lights being turned out as their bill is being brought to them.

The Original *Ciro's*. I have known *Ciro's* at Monte Carlo ever since *Ciro*—a sharp, energetic, humorous little Italian—first established a small restaurant and bar in the Galerie Charles III. at Monte Carlo. People lunched on the terrace and looked at the blue sea, and it became the most famous little restaurant of the South. *Ciro* was—and is, for he is still alive—a man of brains, and he understood that gourmets who had

after supper, but is to be a club where luncheon and dinner—and, no doubt, tea—will be as much part of its daily life as supper. The London *Ciro's* has been built in Orange Street, the street that runs from the Irving statue alongside the boundary of the St. George's Barracks, and it has been built to the designs of a young architect, Mr. Harold Goslett. The building is excellently suited for its purpose, and the dining-room, which is also the ball-room, and which has a great gallery round it, is as airy and handsome a club-room as I have ever seen. Its glass roof can slide off, and it will be a cool room on hot nights. Its scheme of decoration, in the Louis XVI. style, is an extremely tasteful one, the principal colour used being a greyish green, and the gallery is supported by marble pillars, the capitals of which are not those bronze ones originally designed, for these capitals were being cast in Liège when the Germans captured the town, and no doubt the bronze has been used for the fuses of shells and is being delivered to the English in that form.



"CIRO'S HAS COME TO LONDON AS A CLUB": THE HALL OF CIRO'S, PARIS.

feasted on all the richest dishes of the South appreciated simplicity in food if it was artistic simplicity. A dried haddock as it was cooked at *Ciro's* tasted far better than any other haddock in the world; and the *Mostelle à l'Anglaise*, the delicate fish of the bay, split open, fried, and served with bread-crumbs and melted butter, always seems to me to be a more delicious dish at *Ciro's* than anywhere else on the Southern coast.

Ciro's in Paris. *Ciro's* at Monte Carlo eventually became two establishments, and when *Ciro's* hair turned from black to grey he decided to retire on his fortune, and sold his restaurant to an English syndicate, though he occasionally comes back to Monte Carlo to see how the house prospers. The English syndicate, as English syndicates have a habit of doing, looked for fresh fields to conquer, and established a big restaurant in Paris in the Rue Daunou, with a great hall which is a favourite tea-drinking place in the afternoon, and a restaurant next door to the hall which is particularly in favour at supper-time, when there are always singers and dancers to amuse those who sup. *Ciro's* in Paris is beloved by the American colony, and the real Parisians are also always to be found there.

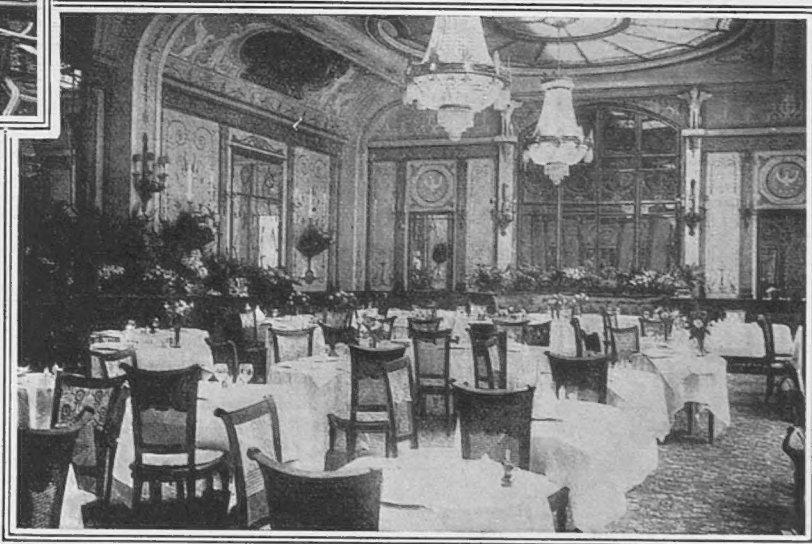
The Other *Ciro's*. *Ciro's* at Deauville I know well, and its particular note is its black-and-white decorations after the manner of Normandy. It is a small establishment, but is the most *chic* dining-place in the most fashionable seaside town in the world. *Ciro's* at Luchon I do not know, for Luchon is a bit out of my usual beat, but I am told that the view of the Pyrenees from its terrace is very wonderful.

In Orange Street. And now, as I have written, *Ciro's* has come to London as a club. It is the property of the same syndicate that owns all the other *Ciro* establishments, and it is not to be a night club, though its members will be free to dance

Normandy in London.

Under the dining-room-ball-room floor—a floor that can be tightened up or given more play according to the wish of the dancers—is the grill-room and the American bar, which are being decorated in the Normandy style of white and black, as near a copy as possible of *Ciro's* in Deauville. If the present war lasts out until August and September, many of us who are accustomed to spend a fortnight in the *Hôtel de Normandie* at Deauville will probably this year get no nearer to the Norman Plage than the grill-room at *Ciro's*, and, sitting there, will have to imagine that we are in the Land of Cider.

Ciro's Cuisine. The kitchen fittings of *Ciro's* in London have been installed by Cubain, of Paris, the most celebrated "fumiers" in the world; and M. Gervai—



CIRO'S AS IT IS IN PARIS: THE RESTAURANT.

the *chef* who made the *Ambassadeurs*, the open-air music-hall in Paris, one of the fashionable places in the City of Light—is to be in command of the kitchen. Naturally, therefore, the cuisine will be entirely French, and the waiters and the *sommeliers*, in black alpaca jackets and aprons, will be French also. The nationality of *Ciro* is maintained in the appointment of Luigi, late of *Romano's*, to direct the restaurant. The silver and the plate and the china and the glass and the furniture all come from Parisian firms, and it will be difficult in the London *Ciro's* to remember that one is in the City of Fogs and not in the land of Frogs. An American touch is to be given to the club not only by the American bar in the basement, but also by an American band of negroes, headed by Dan Kildare, who is a pianist of fame, each of his band being also an artist with an individuality. *Ciro's* Club is a novelty in Clubland, and therefore something of an experiment, and I shall be interested in watching its career, which should be a successful one, if careful preparation, good taste, and liberal expenditure count in such a matter.

THE WAR AND THE ALTAR: ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MOMENT.



TO MARRY LIEUT. T. B. DARLEY :
MISS G. G. BUTLER.



TO MARRY LIEUT. J. H. COCHRANE :
MISS B. St. G. FOULERTON.



TO MARRY LIEUT. G. W. BAIRSTOW :
MISS W. SYMONDS.



TO MARRY THE HON. E. BOSCAWEN :
MISS M. M. D. MEYNELL.



TO MARRY MISS MARY G. HORE :
SECOND-LIEUT. LEWIS PENN.



TO MARRY SEC.-LIEUT. LEWIS PENN :
MISS MARY G. HORE.



TO MARRY CAPT. H. M. CHETWYND-
STAPYLTON : MISS MURIEL K. GOSLING



TO MARRY LIEUT. ARTHUR D. DAVIDSON :
MISS C. STELLA DAVIDSON.



TO MARRY SECOND-LIEUT. CECIL E.
LEIGH : MISS G. D. BARNES.

Miss Butler is daughter of Mr. C. W. B. Butler, of Standon Manor, Berks. Lieut. Darley is in the R.F.A.—Miss B. St. G. Foulerton is daughter of the late Major Foulerton. Lieut. J. H. Cochrane is in the Royal Scots.—Miss W. Symonds is daughter of the Rev. Arthur Symonds, of Over Tabley, Knutsford. Lieut. Bairstow is in the 20th Hussars.—Miss Mary Margaret Destree Meynell is the daughter of the late Hon. Frederick Meynell, son of the first Viscount Halifax, and of Lady Mary Meynell, daughter of the twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford. Mr. Evelyn Boscawen is eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Falmouth.—Second-Lieut. Lewis Penn, Pembrokehire Yeomanry, is son of Mr. R. Poyer L. Penn, of Gámrose, Pembrokehire.

Miss Mary Georgina Hore is daughter of the late Captain Walter Hore, Derbyshire Regiment, and Mrs. Hore, of Cleddan, Haverfordwest.—Miss Gosling is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Gosling, Hawthorn Hill, Bracknell, and Captain Henry Miles Chetwynd-Stapylton, R.F.A., is son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chetwynd-Stapylton, Hilliers, Petworth.—Miss Davidson is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Davidson, Branscombe, Oxford. Lieut. Davidson, Seaforth Highlanders, is son of the late Ewen Charles Davidson, Highland Light Infantry.—Miss G. D. Barnes is daughter of Mrs. Barnes, of Berkeley, Faversham. Second-Lieut. C. E. Leigh, the Buffs, is son of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Leigh, of Joidell Hall, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

Photos. Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7, 8 and 9, by Val l'Estrange; No. 2, by Langfier; Nos. 5 and 6, by Sarony.

MUCH VALUED BY THE SITTING QUEEN-MOTHER.



PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM, DAUGHTER OF KING ALBERT: A BUST OF WHICH PHOTOGRAVURE REPRODUCTIONS ARE BEING SOLD THAT BELGIAN SOLDIERS MAY RECEIVE COMFORTS.

The efforts of the Committee of the "Œuvre du Vêtement des Soldats Belges" are unceasing, and they are sending woollen garments, sweets, chocolates, cigarettes, tobacco, etc., to the front, in order that the Belgian troops may enjoy the little comforts such as were supplied so generously to our British soldiers at the front. The latest idea is novel and attractive. H.I.H. Princess Napoleon (Princess Clémentine of Belgium) is the patron of the movement, and the Committee, with the Duchess of Somerset at its head, has already sent many comforts to the brave Belgians. It is now publishing the photogravure which we reproduce. It is a

portrait of the little Princess Marie José, daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, reproduced from a bust by the famous Belgian sculptor, Victor Rousseau. The original bust in marble is much valued by Queen Elizabeth, who had it removed to a place of safety before she left the Royal Palace at Brussels. The reproduction is a striking piece of work, and can be obtained for two shillings at the Headquarters of L'Œuvre du Vêtement des Soldats Belges, the Sackville Gallery, 28, Sackville Street, W. All gifts sent for the soldiers are forwarded direct to the front, transport facilities having been granted to the Committee by the Admiralty.

A BATHER TO LIQUID MUSIC: THE EMPIRE'S VENUS.



IN "STAGE-STRUCK": MISS IDA CRISPI AS A RED-HAIRED, RED-NOSED VENUS.

Miss Ida Crispi was sure of a cordial welcome on her return to the Empire Theatre after nearly two years' absence, and she was none the less warmly greeted for making her re-appearance in conjunction with Mr. Fred Farren, who has also won fame at

that house. The burlesque, "Stage-Struck," in which this amusing and alert couple are appearing, has, of course, its new sensational incident, which takes the form of a "Venus Dip-Step," in which Miss Ida Crispi Venus and Mr. Fred Farren Ulysses make a

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

[Continued opposite.]

COMPANIONS OF THE BATH: EMPIRE DECORATIONS.



1. THE BEGINNING OF THE "DIP" STEP: THE ROLL DOWN THE MOSSY BANK.

2. THE END OF THE "DIP" STEP: MISS IDA CRISPI AS DAFFODIL BLINKS, AS VENUS; AND MR. FRED FARREN AS TIPIT, AS ULYSSES AT THE EMPIRE—IN REAL WATER.

Continued.

false step in the "Yankee Tangle" and roll down a mossy bank into "real water"—a detail which rather suggests Mr. Vincent Crummles, of melodramatic memory. But

at the Empire the aim is to be merry rather than melodramatic, and in this such clever artistes as Miss Crispi and Mr. Fred Farren may always be trusted to succeed.

Photographs by Wrather and Buys.



VICE-ADMIRAL CARDEN.

TO Vice-Admiral Carden goes the most picturesque task of the war. The North Sea has nothing like it for showiness.

A greater battle may befall in those unornamental waters, but the "exhibition piece" is staged, for all the world to see, in the crowded theatre of Southern Europe. Jellicoe's guns may boom in unresponsive space, unheard by either shore; the noise of Carden's is listened for by Europe and Asia. As his ships go forward they move half-a-dozen countries to the sense of change, and some of them to a very pressing sense of catastrophe. It is the grand transformation scene, with Carden for acting-manager.

The Real Thing.

Vice-Admiral Carden is a straightforward sailor—a plain sailor-man to be fluttering the doves of the Sublime Porte and disturbing the old-world cosmorama. He looks, and is, the practical sailor. The white salt has got into his beard; he is grizzled and hardened by hard weather, and in appearance and manner might have stepped out of the stormiest of Joseph Conrad's sea-romances. But he is something better than a character in fiction, and the work he has to do more romantic than the best romance.

Rehearsing.

About fifty-eight years old, he was thirteen when he entered the Navy as a cadet, fifteen when he became a midshipman, and not quite twenty when he got his sub-lieutenancy. At about that time he lost his father, and married for the first time. He saw his first fighting as a lieutenant on board the *Thalia* during the bombardment of Alexandria, and was Navigating Lieutenant of the *Dryad* during the Suakim Expedition. After a long term of peace—during which he served in Chinese waters, and, later, in the fishing seas around Newfoundland—he found himself aboard the *Thesus* during the punitive expedition led by Rear-Admiral Rawson against the King of Benin. That brilliant little campaign ended in the capture of Benin city. It would seem as if our leader in the Dardanelles was then rehearsing, on a very small stage and in very gentle whispers, for the part he is now playing.

The Cardens of Tipperary.

All the Cardens of Tipperary are fighting men, barring the clergymen. The clergymen make amends by fathering the fighters. Sir Lionel Carden is the son of the Reverend Lionel; but, apart from a few such clerical or diplomatic lapses in the line, the Navy and Army claim them all—with the lion's share for the

Army. Vice-Admiral Sackville Hamilton Carden's father was Captain Carden of the 60th Rifles; his brother is Captain Carden, late of the Royal Artillery.

A Short Way.

Barnane, Templemore, Co. Tipperary, takes credit for our Admiral in the Dardanelles and for his soldier-brother, as well as for Colonel John Carden (whose father, by the way, was another of the numerous Captains of the name), famous for his work with the Barotse Native Police, with the Bulawayo Field Force, and for administrative work in Mashonaland and Rhodesia. Templemore Abbey, the seat of the baronetage, has its own special war-roll. In other words, Tipperary has a short way with her enemies—she fights them!



IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH FLEET AT THE DARDANELLES: VICE-ADMIRAL SACKVILLE HAMILTON CARDEN.

Vice-Admiral Carden, who was born on May 3, 1857, is the second surviving son of the late Captain Andrew Carden, of Barnane, Templemore, Ireland. He entered the Navy in 1870; has been Admiral-Superintendent of Malta Dockyard, and served in the Egyptian War (1882), at Suakim (1884), and at Benin (1897). [Photograph by Lafayette.]

The Entente at Sea.

The drama of events in the Dardanelles is enormously increased by recent developments in the art of naval warfare. Mines and the aerial scouting both complicate the operations. Admiral Carden, for the first time in history, commands a fleet which includes a base-ship for sea-planes. His orders are to break with one of the working principles of his craft, and to match ships against land batteries. He has nature, the current, and the Germans against him; but with him he has some of the finest ships in the world and the support of our Allies. Already, I am told, he has rubbed up his French: "Ouvrez la Porte, s'il vous plaît" is his latest effort.

The End.

The drama of the situation, from his point of view, lies mainly in the fact that the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* are somewhere on or just beyond the horizon. On the eve of the war, Carden's flag was flying in the peaceful airs of Malta Dockyard, and the German battle-ships were cruising close by. When he said *au revoir* to them it was in perfect friendliness. The renewal of acquaintance-

ship has been long to seek—nobody quite knows why it has been so long. Whether complete or only partial success attend the final stages of the present operations, success of one sort or another is inevitable. Even failure, as an enemy Press Bureau might call it, is a considerable triumph. The bombardment of the outer forts alone sets Turkey by the ears, takes the spirit out of her operations in another direction, affects the whole disposition of Austrian and German armies, and brings to the Allies the good feeling of Turkey's late enemies in the Balkans. Every shot that Admiral Carden fires is a victory in miniature.

PRIMROSE-STANLEY: AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE EARLDOMS.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD DERBY AND A SON OF LORD ROSEBERY TO MARRY: LADY VICTORIA STANLEY
AND THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE.

A marriage has been arranged between Lady Victoria Stanley, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby, and the Hon. Neil Primrose, second son of the Earl of Rosebery. Lady Victoria is "a good sportswoman," and takes a filial interest in the successes of her father's horses. She is also thoroughly domesticated and unaffected. Lady Victoria is a god-daughter of Queen Victoria, and was born in 1892. Mr. Neil

Primrose is a familiar figure on the Turf. He is also well known in the world of politics and diplomacy, and is Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He has seen service at the front on the Staff in the present war and has been mentioned in despatches. He is M.P. for the Wisbech Division of Cambridgeshire. No recent engagement has elicited wider interest.—[Photographs by Langfieri and Russell and Sons.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King's visit to the Fleet was an event of no small moment to his Majesty. Until the declaration of war he knew the Service through and through; taken all in all, nobody knew it better. Nevertheless, after six eventful months, there had descended upon the King, as upon all sailor folk cut off from active service, a sense of deprivation and exclusion. When the Navy clears for action it breaks away, it vanishes. We hear much of the difficulty of approaching the English lines in France—from either direction: to get within hailing distance of the Navy has been made more difficult. Thus it happened that the King, after visiting representative ships of all classes, and getting into touch with the officers and men of the fighting fleet, was comfortably conscious of having completed his naval education.



A "RED CROSS NURSE" WHOSE FATHER IS A D.S.O.: MISS CARY-BARNARD.

Little Miss Cary-Barnard, who is only three and a-half, is the tiniest Red Cross nurse on record, even in private theatricals, such as those in which she wore the costume recently, at Belleville, Athenry. Her father, Captain Cary-Barnard, of the Wiltshire Regiment, is at the front, and was given the D.S.O. for gallantry in action on Nov. 17 1914.—[Photo. by H. Mahon.]

An extension of the phrase made by the observer of dinner-table squabbles between a Duke and his Duchess could hardly be more appropriately used than at the present juncture. There was a rattling of ducal plate, when suddenly a three-pronged weapon hurtled through the air. "This is war to the knife and fork," said the discomfited guest. It will pass as a summing-up of Mr. Asquith's policy.

Mme. Réjane's Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria lost no time in welcoming Mme. Réjane to London: they attended the French actress's first performance of "The Bet." The bet, as we now know, is to the effect that the lady in the play will put in an appearance at a certain dinner-party near the scene of conflict. At the last moment a vast bunch of mistletoe is brought in, and from the middle of it steps the actress: there was no other way of getting through the enemy's lines. What tickles Mme. Réjane's sense of humour is that in coming to London to act in this particular part she was held up, not by the enemy, but by the French military authorities. She did not, in real life, manage to hide herself, her maid, and her trunks in mistletoe—with the result that she got to London three days late for a complimentary dinner-party prepared at the Savoy. And yet she continues

to turn up at the dinner-party in the play with a most convincing show of punctuality!

None for the Nun. Queen Alexandra's charming messages to nuns now caring for our wounded soldiers recall King Edward's long-standing friendliness with certain reverend sisters of the Isle of Wight and with the inmates of a convent on the Riviera. Often he paid his respects, in passing, at the convent gates. "We pray for you every day," a nun told him on one occasion. "Thank you—thank you!" he stammered, after a little pause, as if, for once in his life, he was at a loss for the right word. It was, perhaps, one of those cases in which a return of compliments was not called for.

"K. of K.'s" Garrison. If Lord Kitchener has been interested in one soldier more than another during recent developments of military talent, that soldier has been von Hindenburg. The German's generalship is the War Minister's favourite subject during such time as the Cabinet is awaiting Winston's arrival, or in the chatty five minutes which closes the business of the morning. The other day, however, Lord Kitchener's mind wandered to another warrior. The Cabinet was discussing the inexcusability of the attack on Scarborough, with its old Norman keep for its only fortification. "But it is garrisoned," objected "K. of K." "I know the old man who acts as guide or watchman: he was once in the Grenadier Guards!"



TO MARRY LADY MERIEL BATHURST: COMMANDER LORD ALASTAIR GRAHAM, R.N.

Very wide interest has been taken in the announcement that Lord Alastair Graham, the youngest of the three sons of the Duke of Montrose, is engaged to Lady Meriel Bathurst, the only daughter of the Countess Bathurst, the owner of the "Morning Post," and daughter of the late Baron Glenesk, formerly so well known as Sir Algernon Borthwick. Upon another page we give a portrait of Lady Meriel, who was born in 1894. Lord Alastair Graham was born in 1886.—[Photograph by Russell.]

Salutes and the Civilian. The unwonted publicity of the Hyde Park parade-grounds often embarrasses our less-hardened lieutenants. The other morning a young man well known in London before he disguised himself in khaki was putting his men through their paces near the Marble Arch when, by some mischance, a civilian friend got between him and his troop. The friend, recognising the officer, saluted. What, under the circumstances, was the proper thing for the soldier to do? On the spur of the moment, feeling his sergeant's eye on him, he ignored his friend—and probably did the right thing.

Three Babes in the Wood. Mr. Lloyd George's able American interviewer, Mr. H. B. Needham, has some

amusing things to tell of the Chancellor's visit, with Lord Reading and the Attorney-General, to the front. The remark that raised a general laugh at the luncheon-table in Downing Street was Mr. Lloyd George's confession to Mr. Needham that their visit had been somewhat restricted in its scope. "Of course, we saw only the French," he said in all humility. Not even those three Right Honourable members of his Majesty's Cabinet were allowed near the English lines. International courtesies, however, hold good, and the hapless Ministers were indebted to French hospitality for all they saw.



WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF A FAMOUS GENERAL: LADY HAIG AND HER CHILDREN.

Lady Haig, the wife of that distinguished soldier, General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., who is doing such good work in the present war commanding the First Army Corps, and has been mentioned in despatches, was, before her marriage, the Hon. Dorothy Maud Vivian, daughter of the third Baron Vivian. Her daughters, Alexandra and Victoria, are named after Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, to both of whom Lady Haig was Maid of Honour, before her marriage to Sir Douglas Haig.

Photograph by Russell.

SOCIETY IN WAR: SPORT; A SWORD; AND A PRINCESS.



SPORT THAT HAS PROVIDED HORSES AND HORSEMEN FOR WAR:
MRS. AND LIEUT. COATS AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE.



ENCOURAGING SPORT THAT HAS BECOME A PRACTICAL DUTY:
LORD AND LADY LONSDALE AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE.



"A GOOD SWORD AND A TRUSTY HAND": LADY BOSTON BUCKLING
ON A PRESENTATION SWORD TO GENERAL OWEN THOMAS.



A ROYAL LADY AND A MAID OF HONOUR: PRINCESS VICTORIA
(ON RIGHT) AND HON. IVY GORDON-LENNOX IN HYDE PARK.

During the war hunting has been regarded less as sport than as a practical duty, for schooling chargers, helping trade, keeping down foxes, and providing recreation for officers home from the front on leave. Hunting-boxes, in the country of the Cottesmore, the Quorn, and the Belvoir, are mostly given over to wounded soldiers or Belgian refugees. At the beginning of the war the hunting-field supplied 15,000 horses to the Remount Department, and there are nearly 90 M.F.H.s serving in the Army. — A ceremonial parade of the North Wales Brigade of the Welsh Army Corps, 5000 strong, under

Brigadier-General Owen Thomas, was held at Llandudno on St. David's Day, March 1. A sword was presented to General Thomas, on behalf of the women of Anglesey, by Lady Boston, who is seen in our photograph buckling it on. General Thomas was the host, for the occasion, of Mr. Lloyd George, who may be seen in the background on the left. — Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, daughter of Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and niece of the Duke of Richmond, is a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra, to which post she was appointed in 1912.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Topical.]

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



"NOUS N'IRONS PLUS AU —" *

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THE Moulin Rouge has lived. The Moulin Rouge, redder than ever, has ended in a glow—sparks, smoke, and ashes; and one more toy has gone the way of most toys, and of many cities. No more heels will kick the air on its stage, no more duels will be fought in its yard.

Seven months ago there would have been a "leader" in every paper in London written around it; seven months ago the whole world—*le monde où l'on s'amuse*—would have mourned over it as one mourns over every tradition that turns turtle and gets smashed, with short-lived, surprised annoyance. To-day one's eye jumps all over the newspaper from big word to big word—War Budget, The Sea Affair; from one part of the world to another—Dardanelles, Ypres; from one race to another—the Turks, the Belgians—with almost breakfastless interest; and if one's eager glance meets a short paragraph dealing with the defunct Mill, one raises a casual eyebrow, "Halloa, have you seen, my dear—the old Moulin Rouge has been burnt?" Wifey has a quick blush and busies herself over the sugar-basin. And Hubby gives, behind his paper, a little sorry smile or a little gay sigh—I don't know which. He remembers—oh, not for long, for events go fast this year—he remembers some Montmartre nights when he bravely tried to amuse himself lightly—hard work, very!—as a true Briton holidaying. The Revue at the Moulin Rouge (without Wifey—he took her to the Comédie Française!), the English Girls with their flaxen wigs and their colossal hats, and the French little *actresses* with their high-sounding names starting with a *d'* (apostrophe, if you please!) and ending with a *y* (why, indeed?) as every aristocratic surname that respects itself. And that beautiful—for once, really beautiful—girl (what was her name?) who rose from the stage-sea—*la Belle d'Herlys*, that's it!—with a shiny fillet around her hair—and, well, a shiny fillet around her hair! By Jove, she was a stunner, as she emerged, thrown up by the Ocean—so much thrown, in fact, that her bathing-suit had evidently been lost therein! And that little brunette in the Promenoir who had been a *mannequin* in Bond Street, and spoke English so delightfully. She would call him *Owen*! And she would not understand why his wicked parents ever had inflicted upon him a name which in French slang is an insult of the most outrageous! (Owen—Fourneau!)

"Another cup of coffee, Owen dear?"

Hubby, behind the newspaper, gives a little guilty start.

"No, er, yes, please, er—how well you look this morning, my dear. This new blouse fits you beautifully—beautifully, er."

"But, Owen, I have had this blouse for ages!"

Old French song.

"Ah, well, it must be your complexion then, my dear; you do look charming. And—you really are a dear little Wifey, you know, pet! . . ."

Coffee gets cold.

In the afternoon Wifey is going out. She perches on her high chignon a diminutive hat of black velvet wreathed with white wood-violets, her little bare ears are punctuated by two big blonde commas of lustrous hair stuck on her cheeks. She looks at herself in the three-faced mirror appreciatively. "There is nothing so *chic* as a small hat!" she smiles. "And yet—how dear Dicky did like me in those big picture things with fluffy hair falling low in the neck. Oh, I remember one large black thing with a weeping feather—a monstrosity! I wore it for the first time when Dicky took me to the Moulin Rouge—such fun! Dicky said it was so big I could never go up the staircase of the White Elephant (for the matter of that, I could have taken off my hat), but he did not take me up there. I believe Dicky was talking through my hat all the time! It was the same night we went to the Abbaye, where we saw that good-looking English boy, Roland Mitford, dancing the Tango; and I wondered how ever could the Parisians prefer the South American Tangoists, and Dicky said it was because any South American had more grace in one of his little toes than an Englishman in his six feet!"

She tilts the little oblong tambourine of black velvet over her eyebrows and smiles slyly—she is still thinking of its predecessor, the large, befeathered one. She wore it that night for the first time because—oh, because *tout nouveau, tout beau*!—and she wanted to be ever new and ever beautiful in Dicky's eyes (Dicky was a Guardsman, somewhat of a cousin, and very much "some" boy), and also because, had Owen happened to drop in at the Moulin Rouge (a very unlikely thing to happen, as Owen detested such places) at a distance her hat would have saved her face. The Moulin was not the place for matrons of mere twenty without their husbands, even be they with their Cousin Dick—or, should I say, especially with their Cousin Dick? With her two thumbs she straightens at the back of her neck (where the shorter strands of her hair will curl in spite of Fashion) the wiry frame of her high collar;

and—apropos of what, I wonder?—she smiles again very sweetly, a little sadly. "Poor old Owen!" she says. "He is a dear, really! In khaki and a moustache he is every bit as good-looking as Dick! And how particularly nice he was this morning!"

A little gust of superficial sadness suddenly submerges her thistle-down soul—triste and trite—she thinks, "*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*!" Dicky married and minus one arm; gone the gigantic head-gear, the Moulin Rouge burnt down—will they rebuild it?



IN A "BELLE ALLIANCE" DRESS: MISS MARJORIE BOWEN, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST.

Soon after the outbreak of war, a little band of women-artists started a dress-designing studio, where they employ their artistic talent and their deft fingers in creating and making beautiful dresses. Our portrait of Miss Marjorie Bowen (whose latest historical romance, "The Carnival of Florence," bids fair to rival or eclipse the success of its predecessors, "The Viper of Milan," and other very popular romances) shows the clever authoress wearing a gown designed and made by these artists, who call themselves "La Belle Alliance." "Marjorie Bowen" is a pen-name, the authoress being a daughter of Mr. Vere Douglas Campbell, and having married, in 1912, Zefferino Emilio, son of Professor Giuseppe Costanzo, of Catania.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

A DEEP QUESTION.



"LONG TOM" (back from the front): Mud, my boy? Why it's up to one's neck!
THE "BANTAM": Whose neck?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

SAYONARA.

By CARL R. FALLAS.

WE took the way of the high hill that leads out of Yokohama. A gendarme in the doorway of his little cabin at the foot of the hill watched us go up. He seemed an emblem of correct conduct in his white uniform, as still as a statue, with a sword too long for his legs. At the summit stood a fellow who looked like this man's twin, and perhaps they guessed alike at our purpose. It is a steep hill, hard to climb on a summer's day, but with a particular charm for young men at night. A man with a coil of rope waits there all day, in tight pants, loose smock, and straw sun-hat. He tacks himself like a chain-horse on to carts too heavy for one man to pull, then he and the man in the shafts begin to zigzag up the hill with a song, which falls to a spasmodic shout, and ends in gasps where we, breathing deeply, now swung ahead.

On our left an arm of the town ran out to a point on the shore. The street-lights flickered between the dark rows of low wooden houses, and the steadier light of a ship glowed beyond. Nocturnal clangs of a bell came to us from the solitude of a temple on a higher eminence to the right.

Winblad, who had given the confident laugh of a man big in body and spirit as we passed the second gendarme, chattered of past nights at an inland tea-house disturbed by one of these little watchers. The inevitable request, after a sharp rat-tat at the door, was to know the doings and purpose of the white gentleman—which the officer wrote down minutely, at my friend's dictation, in his little book.

At the bottom of the far side of the hill we passed by a house still lit up, and Winblad made me take off my hat in honour of a girl who lived there. Two big paper lanterns swayed in the soft air from the wooden roof of the lower verandah, and the notes of a geisha harp came out to us. We would have called in, but my friend said the saké was poor, the green tea insipid, and the staff, but for the one exception, without charm. He had known her in a tea-house above the rocks of the headland a mile off, where bathers climbed from the sea below to be well dried. Every day a man tall, gaunt, in a suit too thick but worn out, had used to go there and pretend to watch the bathers, but his eyes took in hungrily the figures above, as he flung a pebble here and there, or sat down idly on a boulder. But the girls laughed down at him. They said he was dirty, that he never came to drink saké or tea, and that his bed was a heap of straw; until one girl, who had kept silent, went in the secrecy of night to his wooden house of one room. It is true—a man can starve for other than bread. This girl gave her love, which was all she had to give . . . and comforted him with the prospect of an early departure for the Eastern Terrace,* there to play as a little child with butterflies and birds.

Winblad said that to live with such a girl would be happiness. But, indeed, every nice girl called forth from him this sentiment.

Field after field in the valley showed us the tops of short peach-trees peeping dimly above a white mist, and we had to file attentively along the narrow path through them to keep our track. We could have picked the fruit off the trees—in fact, the odour was so delicious as to give the taste of the velvety skin. Every peach bore a protective wrap of thin paper—the work of women.

The strumming of harps sounded faintly again as we entered the suburb, its streets all dark but for an odd lighted house here and there, like the one by the hill, wherefrom the music came. It rose and died away as we passed along. We asked a solitary gendarme to recommend us a nice place, but he only smiled and shook his head in tolerant reproof. Sometimes a girl, in a kimono as variegated as the lanterns, moved in the dim light they threw; and we would hear a cautious greeting, and pause to exchange a laugh and a few words. At last several maids ran out after us and caught at Winblad's sleeve, astonished—because he was so big whilst they were so small.

"*Oki!*" (a giant) they repeated in turn. They ran off back in mock terror.

We stopped here.

They chattered like birds as we sat down beneath the lanterns to take off our boots and put on the slippers they brought us. And we went inside and lay on the cane mats, with our elbows on

cushions, and these gentle creatures vied in all manner of polite attentions; and poured out green tea in tiny bowls until the first little stone bottle of saké was made hot. We sipped on at this liquor; its condensing vapours even were as fumes to heighten our delectation. Now and again we offered a girl the wine-bowl, which she merely touched with her lips, then immersed it in fresh water, refilled it, and, bowing, offered it back again.

Midnight had gone when I noticed Winblad was no longer at hand. I at once guessed that he had followed a custom he had of wandering about a house to see what it contained. Usually he would be accompanied by the proprietor and his wife, who felt themselves too small to restrain him and sought, between politeness and fear, only to divert his curiosity. When their attendance became too pressing he would gaze down at them and announce that he was an English gentleman, though, in fact, he was a Dane; and if a male retainer or two had joined the landlord, he often held them in check with familiar taps on the shoulder, and the reminder that England and Japan were Allies.

Nothing of the kind, however, had now occurred. I came upon my friend in the private kitchen, lying with face upturned to a singularly attractive girl. She was sitting on her ankles, as if half-kneeling up, and had on a brown smock-skirt over her creamy-green kimono, whilst her hair, caught by a ribbon, fell thick behind. The landlord and his wife squatted near. Their sallow, dry faces showed up the smooth, pink skin of the girl. They were looking on amused at my friend's ardour. An open pouch of fine tobacco lay in the woman's lap, as she sat alert to refill her man's metal pipe, which was long and thin and had a bowl so small as to yield only five or six puffs.

Winblad burst into entreaty on seeing me, in a manner so serious that I could not believe in it.

"Old fellow, tell her that what I say is true."

"What do you say?"

"That I love her."

"He loves you," I said, sitting down as near as I dared, and designing to take her hand; but her intuition prompted her to move it away before it should be too late to do so politely.

"And that I am not intoxicated," Winblad added.

"My friend is quite sober," I said. "You see, he has an admirable head."

Her eyes, all that had yet moved in her still face, took in her persecutor's cranium, and she made half an obeisance.

"Tell her I will take a little house, and give her money, and she shall do as she pleases."

"The young lady hears you," I put it to him, "and she appears to understand English perfectly."

My friend charged me with ridiculing him. Indeed, I did not. But I would rather have declared these things in my own behalf to this young creature. She had let him touch her hand. I could no longer detect in her eyes the faint chance that she might join in the laughter of the elder couple. The great fellow's fervour sent waves of sensibility across her countenance, as she listened to his avowal that he spoke seven languages, that he was a Doctor of Philosophy from a German university, that he was rich and the son of a great personage in his native land. I asked myself why she was here in this area of tea-houses—moreover, at this hour? Her smock denoted a girl of the Middle Schools, whilst she had the softness and grace of one gently bred.

Envy, even of a friend, is often pardonable. I felt envious. I deplored his prior right to address this girl.

"You will think another thing after you have had sleep," she replied to Winblad quietly. She said her native saké was a potent drink, and this house kept only the best quality. She confessed she admired him, but she could not feel sure of a love like his, given so precipitately, as it was not built on a knowledge of the good or evil in her heart. He had favoured her inexpressibly, but she could not be so discourteous as to take advantage of his generosity . . . at once. He would, she felt sure, pardon her being so humble, so poor, and for disturbing his tranquillity.

Winblad wrung his hands in his futility and gazed mutely at the ceiling. A cackle came from the landlord, and the girls who had crowded round the door echoed it. This entertainment made up

* A place in the Japanese Paradise.

ELATION !



THE DINER (with the cigar): By Jove; the Allies have advanced!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

for the attention estranged from them by this girl. I wondered how much subtlety her heart contained. It was in a year when her fellow-collegians were daily shocking the old-fashioned folk with their enlightened ways, due to an Ibsen translation and current stories of feminine freedom in the West. They were called High Collar girls, and their loose tresses instead of an elaborate coiffure had marked the first phase in the rebellion. "She is hiding from a lover," I reflected, "or will repudiate a commercial bargain made by her parents, who perhaps want to sell her into a geisha house."

As it was now very late, we had to stir. Our patronage of the establishment ended here for the night, through Winblad's spasm of loyalty to his new beloved. She had agreed to a rendezvous next day. She had even consented with a vast politeness to his sitting there to talk all night. But the male attendants were at hand, and his final adieu was waved over their heads as they, with smiles terrible because so persistent, led him to the exit. Our last glimpse was of her lowly obeisant head, showing her beautiful hair, as her lips shaped an inaudible—

"Sayonara" (farewell).

Again we traversed the peach-gardens, passed by the house of the world's kindest girl, went over the hill where the temple bell clanged. Winblad at first exulted, then grew silent; he could hardly await the rendezvous. When I saw him next day he had spent the morning over his toilet, and was dressed as for his wedding.

"If you fail," I said, "the essay must be for me."

"If I fail—" he repeated grandly. "Yes, yes. But she will have a friend for you, old boy, I'll be bound. All girls like her have a nice friend. We'll live side by side with our wives in a little Japanese garden with cherry-blossom and a miniature lake."

My fancy grasped eagerly at this confident vision of the future as I held his hand. Winblad's glance always imparted to one this singular buoyancy. But presently, left alone, I began to recall a former experiment of his. His slant-eyed amorette had awakened him in the morning before he was fully rested by stroking his cheek in the softest Japanese style. Her unintelligible words and dumb signs made it clear she needed money to buy breakfast. Then he had found the roof too low for his head, and he had to wash in icy water carried by hand from the mountain stream, and, finally, his back was nearly broken with squatting at a table as low as a foot-stool. For everyone knows that breakfast never resembles a midnight supper, even opposite the same fair face. In fact, the morning has no special lingual code for people speaking a different

tongue. The eye is no longer eloquent, the touch of the foot is a disagreeable shock, and of the hand a meaningless contact. . . .

Evening was advanced when I saw my friend again. He seemed in no hurry to recount his luck.

"You see," he began slowly, "experience has its own manifestation."

"You mean—"

"That she was not in her wrong place last night."

"What is the matter, man? Has she not been kind to you?"

"Superb," he said sadly.

I got his story gradually. They had met in a strange tea-house. She had behaved with much charm, grace, and ethical restraint, but had continued incredulous of his vows. She implored only his friendship. He, desperate at length, had drawn upon his art—he had discredited her beauty. Her tears fell. At last, trustful that he loved her, she had put him out of all doubt.

"I gave her tea, I gave her ten yen,* I patted her on the shoulder. We arranged to meet on Friday . . . to fix up about a house. But I will never see her more."

"But—but," I expostulated, "you have exploited that good girl."

"You are easily taken in," he said.

"You are a scoundrel," I said convincingly, with the license of friendship.

"No—a dupe," answered Winblad.

I needed little persuasion next night to go with him over the hill to the tea-house again—and, indeed, on every night until Friday. We did not see her. The exact object of these trips was kept from me, but they convinced me of the renewal of his passion, for he shunned alike every tea-girl in the household, and moved from room to room as if bewitched. He tried to bribe the landlord and his wife together, and then separately, to reveal the pretty stranger's whereabouts. But they put us off each time with new astuteness. Once they even pretended to send out for her, but the messenger did not come back. I consoled him: he could keep his rendezvous. He shook his head.

On Friday morning I said, "You will go and meet her?"

"No."

"You will forgive me if I do, then?"

"Yes; but you would not forgive me if I let you."

"Why?"

Winblad answered steadily—

"Because, my friend, she never came."

* One yen = two shillings.



"What yer bin knocking Sal about for?"

"She said my bloke 'adn't 'listed."

"But you ain't got a bloke."

"No; but 'e blooming well would 'ave 'listed if I 'ad got one."

DRAWN BY FRANK STYCHIE.

HALT — AND LAME !



THE OFFICER (*having been challenged by a recruit, seeks to improve the occasion*): I say, you know, that was quite right; but you left out "All's well!"

THE RECRUIT: "All's well!" is it, Sir? An' me two feet like a block of ice!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

New German Fairy Tales.

IV. "DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

Born 1820

—Still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER : " Why this martial attitude ? "

OLD GENTLEMAN : " I have just paid my super-tax. I am in the first battalion of the We-find-the-money Brigade. "

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.



THE lawn-tennis ground laid down in the summer in the garden of Grosvenor House has not been wasted. It is a winter as well as summer court, being made of a red composition which is never the worse for rain, and it is now in full use. The other Sunday morning, while feeble efforts at

ever been before; and now Mr. George Lambton comes forward in its support at a time when the Jockey Club is, for the first time, in two minds about its own right to a place on the earth.

Budding Primroses.

Mr. Neil Primrose, whose first love was diplomacy, is supposed to have espoused politics partly in obedience to the wishes of a relative who knew, perhaps, less of the trials—or boredom—of the career than the young man's father. Lord Rosebery himself never pressed his sons to seek election, and when Mr. Primrose was first standing for Parliament the great man did not hesitate to publish the fact that his point of view on one crucial question was not his son's. An elector asked the candidate if Lord Rosebery's action was not rather like "hitting below the belt"? "Exactly," answered Mr. Primrose; "but when one's father does hit one, it is generally below the belt." The poll for that election was on his birthday, and he won the seat.

Tar-Pot or Whitewash.

Chief-Gunner Hazell, of the *Indomitable*, whose ship made such excellent practice in the North Sea, has had experiences less stimulating than a sea-fight. Some of us remember him in the Law Courts, withstanding the broadsides of contending counsel during the *London* libel action. That was a year ago, and a year—this year, that is—makes a considerable difference. The blue-jackets, twelve months ago, were not exactly patted on the back when they ventured to give evidence displeasing to the examining counsel. "You know what happens when able-bodied seamen are asked to do something they have never done before; they grumble and say, 'We have never done this before,' and blame somebody"—such was the statement of the learned gentleman who won the case. Would such a statement go down in the Law Courts to-day, and would anybody feel inclined to make it?

In Despatches.

Engineer-Lieutenant Albert Knothe, of the *Indomitable*, is the type of officer who spends more or less of a lifetime in the obscure inwards of his ship, and is never heard of save through the accident of war. The *Indomitable*, Admiral Beatty reports, greatly exceeded its proper speed during the flying—or chasing—fight in the North Sea. Thus Lieutenant Knothe, who has always been too intent upon the day's work to care much about distinguishing himself in examinations, wins in a day a distinction which in the ordinary processes of promotion goes only to the man who proves his ability in a long sequence of "papers." Lieutenant Knothe's success will be very popular on both decks. His own pleasure is somewhat dashed by the loss of his old friend and chief, Captain Taylor, one of the very few men killed in the action.



A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER-PEER AND HIS WIFE:
LORD AND LADY FALMOUTH.

Viscountess Falmouth, whose husband is a distinguished officer in the Coldstream Guards, was the Hon. Kathleen Douglas-Pennant, daughter of the second Baron Penrhyn. She was married in 1886 to the seventh Viscount Falmouth, and has four sons in the Army, and one daughter, the Hon. Kathleen Boscawen, born in 1902. Viscount Falmouth, who has rejoined his old regiment, has a fine record, which includes the leading of the Camel Corps in the famous dash at Khartoum in the attempt to rescue General Gordon.—[Photographs by Langflier.]

Church parade across the road were brought to nought by a great March wind; two couples were playing hard in the shelter of the high walls that surround the court. Their flannels—men and women were white from head to toe—looked incongruous under the fierce sky, but what of that? They were re-playing, in some sort, an old Elizabethan game of bowls. Both the tennis-players in the Duke of Westminster's garden had already answered the call of duty, and were, so to speak, waiting for the messenger who should tell them that their leave was up and the time come for a last set.

Obstacle Races. Mr. George Lambton's defence of racing during war-time comes from the right quarter. His letter is dated "Newmarket," and the pot in which he dips his pen has never run dry in the cause of the Turf. No controversy on the ethics of racing is complete without a Lambton contribution; and a Lambton contribution, especially when it is from Lord Durham



A BROTHER OF ADMIRAL BEATTY HELPING TO TRAIN THE NEW ARMY:
MAJOR BEATTY.

Major Charles H. L. Beatty, D.S.O., is a brother of Admiral Sir David Beatty, and is doing good work with the Headquarters Staff at Salisbury Plain, assisting in training the troops of the new Army. Major Beatty served with distinction in South Africa.—[Photograph by C.N.]

himself, is generally a surprise. Time and again Lord Durham has made himself a thorn in the side of the Jockey Club when, in its self-complacency, it expected no attack. His "enlarged basis" proposition shook it cruelly, and left it much healthier than it had



AN OFFICER'S WIFE AND HER BABY SON:
MRS. H. L. AUBREY-FLETCHER.

Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher is the wife of Lieut. Henry Lancelot Aubrey-Fletcher, M.V.O., of the Grenadier Guards, son and heir to Sir Lancelot Aubrey-Fletcher, fifth Baronet. Lieut. Aubrey-Fletcher has been wounded in the present war. Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher is a daughter of the Rev. Robert William Chilton, Vicar of Wormingford, Colchester, and has two little sons.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

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LIMITED.

Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Funds exceed £91,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting, held on 4th March, 1915.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 65,751, assuring the sum of £6,318,843, and producing a new annual premium income of £424,353. The premiums received during the year were £5,035,625, being an increase of £115,107 over the year 1913. In addition, £10,315 was received in premiums under the Sickness Insurance Tables. The claims of the year amounted to £4,014,658. The number of deaths was 9351. The number of endowment assurances matured was 24,966, the premium income of which was £136,735.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 922,505.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £8,176,202, being an increase of £301,746. The claims of the year amounted to £3,373,850, including £398,360 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 6731 endowment assurances matured, was 392,883. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policy-holders of five years' standing and upwards who desired to discontinue their payments, was 103,514, the number in force being 1,947,556. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 46,364.

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 20,085,010; their average duration exceeds thirteen years.

The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance-sheet, are £91,202,344, being an increase of £4,209,341 over those of 1913.

The outbreak of hostilities in August last placed upon the Directors the grave responsibility of deciding what charge, if any, should be made to policy-holders on active service. After careful consideration it was decided to charge no extra premium in respect of existing policies on the lives of those engaging for the period of the war, and in respect of existing policies on the lives of other members of the regular forces it was decided that £250 of assurance on any life should be exempted from the payment of extra premium.

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 10s. per cent. on the original sums assured has been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 5th of March, 1915, to the 2nd of March, 1916, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

PREMIUMS PAID FOR.				BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED.	
5 years and less than 10 years		£2 10s. per cent.	
10 "	"	15 "	..	£5 "	
15 "	"	20 "	..	£5 "	
20 "	"	25 "	..	£7 10s. "	
25 "	"	30 "	..	£10 "	
30 "	"	35 "	..	£12 10s. "	
35 "	"	40 "	..	£15 "	
40 "	"	45 "	..	£20 "	
45 "	"	50 "	..	£30 "	
50 "	"	55 "	..	£40 "	
55 "	"	60 "	..	£50 "	
60 "	and upwards.		..	£60 "	

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National Insurance Act 1911 have done important work during the year and the membership continues to increase. Since the commencement of the Act the Agency Staff has distributed benefits exceeding £3,000,000 to the members at their own homes.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths, and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance-sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.
W. J. LANCASTER } Directors.
F. SCHOOLING, }

J. BURN, Actuary. A. C. THOMPSON, General Manager.
G. E. MAY, Secretary.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon Application.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Naturalised German.

I have not yet been able to bring myself down to the level of the spy-maniacs who see in every fat and elderly naturalised German (who usually has a son or two fighting at the front or training in England) a remorseless foe and probable traitor. Our traitors are home-made, and I think I could lay a finger on one or two who are already making ready for a peace at any price. The naturalised German who has lived here all his life, and whose sons and daughters are invariably *plus royaliste que le roi*, is too well aware of the benefits—pecuniary and other—of British freedom to want to be put under the Prussian jack-boot. This common-sense attitude is quite comprehensible to all who know anything of Germany and its continual emigrations to enlightened countries like England and the United States. Moreover, spy-mania, quite apart from its foolishness, has a deteriorating effect on the character of those whom it has in its grips. One can imagine a London, if we Britons had not a saving sense of humour, which might closely resemble Paris during the Reign of Terror—a London in which people went about denouncing their most intimate friends. Of those enterprising Teutons—mostly belonging to the Prussian aristocracy—who of late years suddenly came over here, hired country houses, and took their pleasures in England, for all the world like Kaiser Wilhelm himself, I need not speak, for their clumsy machinations have been discovered and rendered worthless. The outstanding fact is that we keep cool because we know, thanks to our magnificent Fleet, that we are perfectly safe.

"Searchlights."

Mr. H. Vachell, with much courage and observation, has made the only entirely sympathetic character in his new play a naturalised German with an excessively English wife and daughter. It is an engaging portrait of a kindly, greedy, sentimental, Anglicised Teuton—or rather, Scotticised, for Sir Adalbert Schmaltz first bursts upon our astonished view attired in a short kilt and Highland bonnet, made doubly piquant by his unregenerate German accent and phraseology. A financier who has made a fortune in German enterprises, with the thunder-clap of war he loses everything, including the hope of a fine match for his young—and extremely British—daughter. In his simple passion for shrimp-sandwiches and beer, and his kindly liking for young lovers, he is in sharp contrast to the austere, grave, and dignified Englishman of business, presented with great distinction by Mr. H. B. Irving with such curious effects of black-and-white that he looks like an engraving of the late Sir Henry. One can well imagine that Robert Blaine would feel, like Gladstone and Chamberlain, that plain "Mister" would become him better than any mushroom peerage and a title which his more ancient brother peers "can never remember." Indeed, the characterisation of "Searchlights" is excellent, even though Miss Fay Davis occasionally suggests a handsome and

exclusive Bostonian rather than a worldly and flighty English-woman in quest of a coronet. The play is nothing if not up to date, including the wide skirts of Miss Margery Maude.

Society and Soda-Water.

Not the least surprising thing about this war is that the upper classes, at any rate, are becoming so temperate as to be well-nigh "total abstainers." Society has taken to soda-water—or, as a wild dissipation, to cider—with an enthusiasm which was hardly to be expected. One may say that this abstemiousness is forced upon them after ten o'clock, but the fact that the smart restaurants are crowded after the theatres, and that the Savoy nightly sees crowds supping as usual, chatting in the lounge, and dancing light-heartedly in the adjacent ball-room on nothing more exciting than ginger-pop, is a tribute to our national cheerfulness and capacity for restraint. We English are so inclined to associate the festal mood with champagne-bottles that it is surprising to see our Happy Warriors, back from the trenches, dancing till the small hours, and even looking on at dancing, with nothing more stimulating than coffee and cigarettes. If we could induce the masses to follow this fashion we should be a regenerate nation. The Russian Government has closed its vodka shops; I wonder if the famous Hermitage restaurant in Moscow refuses to serve its customers with champagne after 10 p.m.? Personally, I do not readily believe in a "teetotal" Russia, and most of those who know the terrible climate of the country think that the conditions in the big towns and the lonely villages will be much the same after the war is over. But little England, with its many sports and games, its means of cheap communication, and its entertainments, libraries, parks, and picture-galleries, is in a different case. We might well, after the war, be a far more reasonably abstemious race than before.

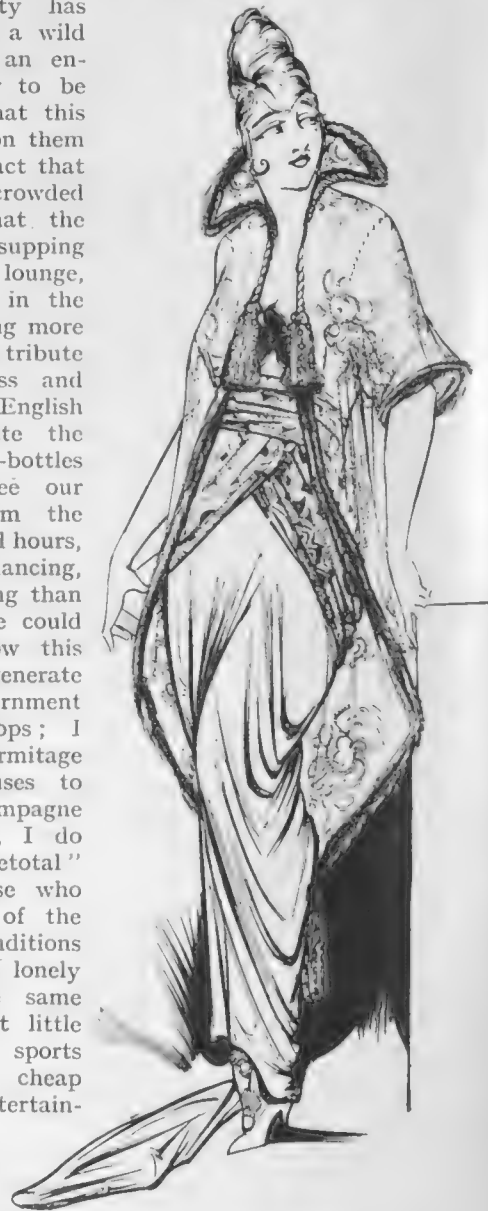
Our Wounded Allies.

It is high time we took up the case of our wounded Allies, now that we have seen to it—with hospitals, rest-houses, hot tubs, and ambulance-cars by the hundred—that our own shattered men are quickly attended to and conveyed with all possible speed and humanity to the base. Lord Swaythling is the energetic President of the new Wounded Allies Relief Fund, and nothing would make a better impression of our zeal and friendliness in France, Belgium, Russia, and Serbia than in making this Fund an imposing one. The condition of the wounded French is pitiable enough: a friend back from Dinan tells me she saw wounded soldiers lying in bed in their uniforms for want of shirts, and that the commonest necessities fail them. The French Government provided summer socks and underclothing—and nothing else. If this condition of affairs obtains in wealthy France, in which every peasant has his thrifty savings, what must it be like in King Albert's tiny strip of Belgium, and in Serbia, who is now enduring her third war? There is to be, then, a spirited appeal to the British public, a theatrical performance, and other devices for making us perform an obvious duty.



AN EVENING DRESS.

This is an evening gown in champagne Ninon, with under-skirt and waistcoat of mirror velvet in the same shade. The collar and single rose are of *mêuve* shading to deep purple.



A NEGLIGÉE KIMONO.

This delightful negligée kimono is in shrimp-pink Ninon with gold pattern and sku k.



Have you preserved your Beauty?

Beauty is a tender plant, which preserves and flourishes when properly tended, but soon droops and fades away if not cared for in a right manner.

Have you preserved yours? Has your skin that charming velvet-softness which it had in your early youth—has your complexion that clear, fresh look about it which betokens Health?

To preserve Beauty, or to revive it—use

PALMOLIVE

In the ages long ago, Women who knew the charm of a beautiful skin bathed in Palm and Olive Oils, and to-day, as then, there is nothing quite so good.

The purest of these oils go into Palmolive Soap, and nothing else is added which is not good and wholesome—no artificial colouring and no free alkali.

Palmolive is a firm, hard soap, which does not get pasty when left, yet when in use the hands slip round it with a delicious smoothness and "soft" feeling, and it gives a fine, rich, creamy lather. It has a quaint fragrance suggestive of the Orient.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the Chemists for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps, with name and address.

The B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.



Send him a Flask of HORLICK'S MALTED MILK TABLETS

THINK what a blessing these delicious Food Tablets are to men on active service. — They are always ready for immediate use, and a few dissolved in the mouth will maintain the strength of the Soldier when he most needs it. — They supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours, give increased body heat and vitality, prevent fatigue and relieve thirst.

Send a Flask to YOUR Soldier.

We will send post free to ANY address a flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If the man is on active service, be particular to give his name, regimental number, regiment, brigade and division.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, 1/- each. Larger sizes, 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-

Liberal Sample Bottle sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



STRANDED Ostrich Feather
Boat, in Black, Navy, Purple,
White, Grey, Natural and White,
and Black-and-White. Price each, **14/11**

SMART Umbrella for Sun or
Rain, Fox's Frame, Silk
Cover, in Navy, Green, and Purple.
Price each, **15/11**

BLACK Moire Silk Hand-
Bag, Lined in Grey. Price each, **8/11**

Robinson & Cleaver

The Linen Hall,
Regent Street, London, W.



A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE

Coffee-making at home is always difficult, and not always successful. With "Milkmaid Brand" Café au Lait there is no difficulty—it simply requires the addition of boiling water. Try a tin to-day, but be sure it is

MILKMAID BRAND Café au Lait

Not an essence or anything of that sort—just the finest Coffee made with Milk and refined Sugar in correct proportions.

Delicious : Sustaining : Economical :

Sold in 5lb. and 10lb. tins by all Grocers and Stores. Write for sample tin, sent free on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 2d. stamps for postage.

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— SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES —
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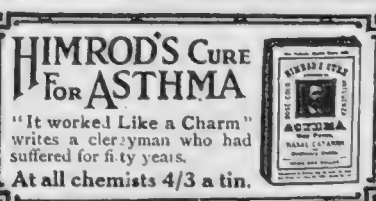
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Smoked Bacon 3 1/2 lb. extra. Will keep 8 to 10 weeks.
Delicious Boneless Fillets .. 12 lbs., at 11d. per lb.
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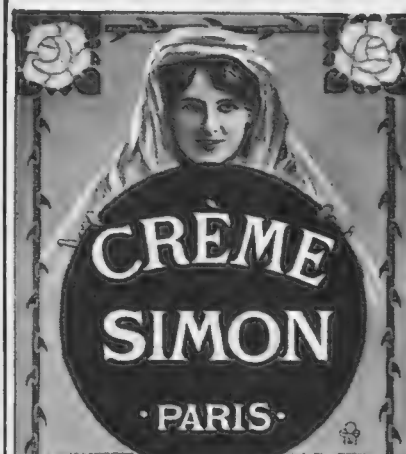
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PARIS.

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Against Chaps and all Irritations of the Epidermis. Prevents Wrinkles. Absolutely Unrivalled.

Does not Produce Hair.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Sky-Pilots. There are new people now under the old name which British Tars used for parsons. The sky-pilots of to-day are aviators. I met recently one of the older sort—a chaplain on a big ship. He was the kind of man that makes one ashamed of having ever belittled a curate. He was one, but volunteered for service when the war began, and was taken almost at once. A man every inch of him, and his inches are many; a good sort, and a lover of his kind. So much I said to one of the officers of that ship. "Righto," said he. "The Reverend's the right sort; there's not a man on board he couldn't fight and beat, and there's not a man on board wouldn't beat any man that wanted to fight him." How's that for the Church Militant? Not out and carries his bat, I think.

Dancing. These are hardly to be considered as days for merry-making or nights for dancing. Yet, when officers return for a few days' leave from the trench war, they want to forget all about the front for the time, and nothing pleases them better than a dance. There have been more dances given since the short leaves began than is generally known. They have been very private and particular, of course. Also there has been dancing which has been neither private nor particular—and that, too, many officers are said to have enjoyed. No one will begrudge them their pleasure, whatever it is—God knows they have earned it. The Russians are busy preparing their *vis-à-vis* in the trenches for the Bunny-Hug, and their other *vis-à-vis* for the Turkey-Trot; while we, with our gallant French Allies, may determine that, after all, Berlin shall toe the Tango! It is well, therefore, to keep up Terpsichorean practice.

What Shall We Poor Women Do? What is going to be done about the preponderance of our sex when the war is over? There were, I believe, previous to its commencement, about four of us to one man. This figure will, alas! be more than doubled when it is over. One thing is certain—more and more is it necessary to equip girls to make their own living. Interesting occupation, even



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN NAVAL OFFICER: MRS. GEOFFREY RUSSELL.

Mrs. Geoffrey Russell is the wife of Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey P. Russell, who is a nephew of the celebrated Judge, Mr. Justice Baggallay, and is at present serving his country with the Second Battle Squadron in the North Sea. Mrs. Russell is a great-granddaughter of a famous old Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Fairfax Moresby, G.C.B.—[Photograph by Russell.]

not. Then it came to me—we were enemies, or ought to be. She became quite distressed, and explained that all her happiest times had passed here, her children were educated here, and all her sympathies were here. Her husband had registered, and they



A RED CROSS ROMANCE: NURSE M. A. WHITE.

Nurse M. A. White, whose portrait in her business-like khaki uniform we give, has been serving as a Red Cross nurse with the Belgian Army, and is shortly to marry a Belgian officer and proceed with him to the Congo.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

if they have the wherewithal to live on, will be the next benefit to confer upon them; while the fetish that the capture of a husband alone makes a successful woman should be finally slain. There is only one right reason for marriage—love! That will always exist. The running-down of male prey either by girls or by match-makers for them, ruins men, and mars lives worse than a war. Men become vain, and evasive: ours are showing themselves heroes in the battle—don't let us make them less so in peace.

Nonplussed. The other day I met a German lady with whom I used occasionally to play a game of golf. I had always found her pleasant, and greeted her pleasantly, as usual. "I wonder you would speak viss me," said she. I was quite taken aback for the moment, unable to think of any reason why I should

were, they knew, regarded as suspect. "It is hard," said the poor soul. "If I say what I tink—that I am glad the English vin—I am bad German; if I say I am sorry for Germans who suffer, I am bad to England, which to me is goot. My children have now no English frients. Oh, it is very vicked—very, very vicked." I could cordially concur in her five v's verdict, poor dear!

The Sunny South. The Riviera is putting its best face on the bad business of war. There are a considerable number of the usual habitués there, and golf and lawn-tennis are being enjoyed. The Duke of Teck is there, with the Duchess, recruiting after the severe attack of gastritis he contracted at the front; Lady Wolverton is playing tennis; Lord and Lady Jersey are there; and, of course, many sick and wounded officers convalescing. Caruso is to sing at the Opera, which started last week. It was at Monte Carlo that he first made his name—now of world-wide celebrity. On the whole, Monte is quite gay, and of course bright. Its great attraction this season, according to all enemy and neutral visitors, is the absence of the badly-turned-out, stingy, and ill-mannered German contingent who had gone so far to spoil the place for others.

Petticoat Government.

A little of much is good. "The best man is the one in whom there is something of a woman, and the best woman one in whom there is something of a man." I cannot remember who said it, but it is true. Woman's influence is nowhere in the world stronger than in England, for all that seemed to have been lost by lawlessness. In Germany woman is kept in her place as militant man sees it; she is not for charm or companionship—save on rare occasions—or for pleasure. Housekeeper, mother, buffer, and nothing more, is her rôle. German men's brutality has no leaven of womanly influence. No woman exercises her caustic wit to show him to himself in a light less splendid than that of his own opinion. His sense of humour is neglected, and he blunders along making everyone dislike him—the woman in him is wanting. Our men get it by cultivating

a judicious amount of petticoat government—not, of course, called by that name.

With the advent of better weather, golfers precluded from taking an active part in military operations will realise that they might just as well play golf as not. The Dunlop Company, apparently, have confidence in this view, and have increased their range of balls from nine to eighteen. The sizes and weights are the same, but all qualities from 1s. to 2s. 6d. can now be obtained in the Recessed as well as in the Bramble marking. The original "Dunlop Junior" is still at its original price of 2s., and as it is now made in Recessed marking, there should be a still further demand. The new range of Dunlop 2s. 6d. balls—namely, "The Dunlop 31," "Dunlop 29," and "Dunlop Floater"—supersede the "V" series. The "29" is a small ball of medium weight, which should become exceedingly popular for general use. The latest "Dunlop Floater" is a tightly wound ball just sufficiently light to float, and is made for serious golf. As practice balls, "The Manor" and "Manor Junior" still retain their popularity.



A CLEVER ENTERTAINER: MISS GERTRUDE TOMALIN.

Miss Tomalin is very well known and popular with London audiences, and her monologues at Queen's Hall and other places of entertainment are always well received.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

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LUMINOUS
"Active Service" Watch
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.



Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Silver SCREW Case, Dust and Damp Proof.

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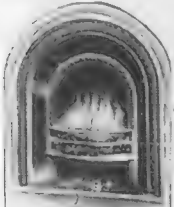
Warranted Timekeepers.

Largest Stock of Luminous Wristlet Watches in London from £2 10.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

How much Money do you WASTE on COAL?



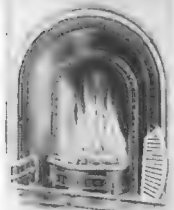
SEE HOW THE 'HUE' WILL STOP THE WASTE.

You probably have an old-fashioned grate like this, which wastes the coal and gives little heat. Why not convert it into a modern barless fire? The cost is small, and the operation simple.



This is the HUE BARLESS FIRE which effects the transformation.

It is adaptable to any existing grate, without the necessity of pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove.



This is the same stove, showing effect produced by the HUE.

More heat is given out in the room, with about half the coal consumption. Not mere assertion, but proved by actual tests. The

HUE has been installed in thousands of private houses, as well as adopted by the principal Railways, Hotels, and Institutions. Without question, it is the most efficient Barless Fire on the market, and is equally suitable for large or small rooms.

Price from 15/-.

POST FREE Illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and other important points. Send a postcard now to

YOUNG & MARTEN Ltd.,
(Dept. S.) Stratford, London, E.

Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their very construction can never be satisfactory. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.

Exterminated by
"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS
RATS
No Danger to Animals.
NO SMELL.
In Tins baited for Rats
26 & 6- for Mice 1 & 6.
Of all chemists, write
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EVANS SONS LEICHER & WEBB Ltd.
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Millinery

Models for Early Spring

THE REGENT STREET HOUSE of PETER ROBINSON — long famous for distinctive, yet moderately priced Headwear—is now showing the Advance Models in Spring Millinery. Many beautiful and exclusive Creations are to be seen here, and we suggest that ladies will find a visit of inspection extremely interesting. A visit, of course, incurs no obligation to purchase.

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No. 1. Chic Hat in black Liserie, bordered with jade green straw, trimmed silk cherries and new short veil 59/6

No. 2. Beautiful Model Hat in black Taffetas, lace edge softly kilted, trimmed single Futurist flower 3 gns.

No. 2

The Regent St. House of Peter Robinson Ltd.

Onoto Pens

are the only Standard 10/6 Fountain Pens All British Made by a British Company with British Capital and Labour.
THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.

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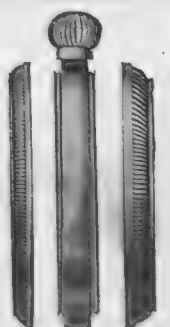
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"SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH, WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

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SOLID SILVER, £2 10 0
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Section showing damp & dust-proof Front & Back unscrewed.



THE "PETROL WAR": TECHNICALITY! THE HARDSHIPS OF THE HEADLIGHTS.

A Belated Discovery.

The official "Eye-Witness" at the front can be very interesting at times, if somewhat tardy in his references to current events. It is more than a little amusing, however, to find the official chronicler referring to the present campaign as "a petrol war," when the latter has been in progress for no less a period than seven months. It is at least six months since I, for one, applied the term in question, and it was doubtless employed many times elsewhere during the early stages of the contest. The only thing for which we can be grateful at this late hour is that someone, at all events, in official circles has awakened to the fact that the part which mechanical transport is playing at the front is a matter of public interest; but there is no apparent reason why such details as "Eye-Witness" has at last given us should not have been published a very long time ago. Even now he provides no details as to the number of motor-vehicles employed, save for the bald statement that they run into "thousands."



AN UNCLE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER IN THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS: LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF AEROPLANES.

Lord Edward Arthur Grosvenor, who was born in 1892, son of the first Duke of Westminster, was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards. He is now a Flight Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service. Last year he married Lady Dorothy Margaret Browne, daughter of the fifth Earl of Kenmare.

Photograph by Topical.

for a motor-lorry made by —, a firm believed to have works in Blankshire.' As this one firm turns out at least a score of different patterns of wheels, it was not easy to comply with the demand." But why on earth, one is forced to rejoin, are "non-technical" officers allowed to have anything to do with the work of mechanical transport? It is bad enough to make motorists wear spurs, as officers of the M.T. Section are required to do when in full-dress uniform; but it is even worse to put men who do not know one end of a car from another in charge of valuable and efficient vehicles. There has never been any suggestion of a shortage of mechanically capable officers, and the whole thing suggests a stupid mixing-up of qualifications, of which one thought the last had been heard when a gallant General wanted to know why a certain well-known motor firm did

not make tyres that would not puncture. Too much, of course, cannot be said in favour of making men generally handy, and capable in more than one particular capacity; but that is no reason why, where machinery is concerned, the Mechanical Transport Section should not be confined strictly to its own duties. Men who are incapable of handling motor-cars should certainly not in any sense be put in charge of so important a section of our forces. Almost as well might a subaltern be taken from his regiment and drafted into the Royal Flying Corps, or an infantryman be taken out of the trenches and told off to fire a 6-in. gun.

The Headlights Farce.

How often do we find that a principle which may be sound in itself is utterly stultified by the method of its application! A potent and

unhappy illustration of this is the existing state of things where the darkening of London is concerned. It may be postulated, for the sake of argument, that the Zeppelins are a deadly peril of which London stands in nightly danger. Obviously, therefore, it is undesirable for the time being that any form of brilliant illumination, whether from street-lamps, shop-fronts, or vehicles, should be permitted. The Home Office order as to powerful headlights on motor-cars was issued accordingly, at the instigation of the Admiralty air patrols. No definition, however, of the word "powerful" was vouchsafed for several months, and, though motorists refrained from using head-lamps, they have been subject to intermittent persecution and prosecution where ordinary side-lights are concerned, culminating in a much-overdue definition

by the Law Officers of the Crown that the light of the oil-lamp used by taxi-cabs must be accepted as a legitimate standard. I have asked a taxi-cab proprietor what is the candle-power of the ordinary "taxi" lamp, and his reply is "About half a night-light, unless the man is himself the owner of the cab."

The Hardship of It.

But how is it, if lamps of this low power are to be deemed sufficient for the public safety at a time when shop-fronts are dimmed, that all over the West End street-lamps are allowed to illuminate the whole width of the roadway, as one may see any night, for example, in Regent Street or Pall Mall? The fact that the police have found it necessary to illuminate crossings shows that the declared standard is entirely inadequate. Here, then, comes the hardship. Outside the limited area in which these more or less bright street-lamps are permitted, London is in a state of Cimmerian darkness, and locomotion in the suburbs is dangerous in the extreme. But what makes matters worse is the fact that the Metropolitan Police District is no less than thirty miles across, and long before the circumference of the circle is reached there comes a region of winding country lanes and blind corners. What more rural spot could be imagined, for example, than the Thames at Walton? Yet at one end of the bridge a motorist must show lights as feeble as those of a taxi-cab, while at the other end he may switch on head-lamps of fifty times that power. If areas in London where the most valuable public buildings of the Metropolis are centred can be illuminated by street-lamps in the manner which at present prevails, how much more reasonably could motorists be allowed, on roads and lanes fifteen miles away, to use electric side-lamps that at the most are of six-candle power?



THEIR LEAVE IN PARIS CURTAILED BY THE ARRIVAL OF A DESPATCH: LIEUTENANT ISAACS AND FLIGHT-COMMANDER MARIX, D.S.O., THE HERO OF THE DARING AND SUCCESSFUL AIR-RAID ON THE ZEPPELIN SHEDS AT DÜSSELDORF LAST OCTOBER, LEAVING THEIR HOTEL.

Photograph by Topical.



IN CHARGE OF BRITISH AVIATORS IN PARIS: CAPTAIN VALENTINE, THE AIRMAN, WHO IS ATTACHED TO THE MILITARY WING OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS, AND IS STATIONED IN THE BOULEVARD DES INVALIDES.

Photograph by Topical.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE sixty-sixth annual Ordinary General Meeting of the Prudential Assurance Company was held last week, Mr. Thomas C. Dewey, Chairman of the Company, presiding. The Secretary, Mr. G. E. May, having read the notice convening the meeting, and the Report of the auditors, the Chairman, who was received with applause, in moving the adoption of the Report, said that when he had the pleasure of addressing the shareholders twelve months ago, he not only had the satisfaction of presenting a very favourable Report upon the business for the year 1913, but was able to express the hope that the commercial depression we had been experiencing had well-nigh reached its limit, and that the prospect for 1914 was, so far, of a most encouraging character. "In the first half of 1914," continued the Chairman, "my hope was fully justified, and our returns during that period pointed to a most successful and, indeed, a record year. But to-day we meet under the shadow of that terrible struggle which, during the past six months, has shaken Europe to its very foundations." The Chairman said "such an enemy as we are fighting must be crushed at whatever cost to our Empire, and we can only cheerfully recognise our share of responsibility," and added: "It is in the time of stress and strain that true strength becomes apparent, and anyone who will study the really remarkable Report now presented, will readily see how great is the strength of the Company and will, I feel sure, appreciate the conservative course which we have adopted with a view to preparing for still greater strains on our resources, if such should arise as a result of this great war. During the first seven months of the year, our results were phenomenal, business was constantly increasing in volume, and had this continued, we should certainly have had a record in every department." The Chairman stated that "the total income of the Company was £17,196,000, being an increase of £628,479 over that of the previous year. The most noteworthy item in this increase is that of the industrial weekly and monthly premiums received which amounted to £301,746 more than in the year 1913." Some remarkable figures were quoted by the Chairman: In the Ordinary Branch, 65,751 new policies were issued, producing a new premium income of £424,353, and assuring £6,316,000. Of this, one-sixth, or more than £1,000,000, was under policies assuring sums ranging from £500 to £20,000. The total number of policies in force in the Ordinary Branch is 922,505, assuring with bonus, £102,940,771. In the Industrial Branch, the total

number of policies has turned the 20,000,000 mark, the exact number in force being 20,085,210, assuring, exclusive of bonus, the sum of £263,739,424. The number of new policies issued during the year again exceeds 2,000,000, assuring a maximum sum of £32,291,598. "The outbreak of the war," said the Chairman, "was of momentous interest to the Company. With 21,000,000 policies on lives comprising all classes of the population, and drawn from all parts of the United Kingdom, and with invested funds of over £91,000,000, the difficulties which faced the Company at the outset can hardly be over-estimated. That a large number of its policy-holders would be engaged in the actual fighting, was inevitable. There was every reason to believe that the dangers which would be incurred by combatants would be much greater than those experienced in previous wars. With these facts before us, it was a grave responsibility to decide whether the condition on the policies excluding war risks was to be waived or not. The Directors, however, considering the question from a national standpoint, decided not to charge any extra premium to existing industrial policy-holders. (Applause.) That the Company should voluntarily have made this concession, which may affect some 700,000 policies, is evidence that it is shouldering its full share of the burden that has been cast upon the country." The Chairman stated that: "The total assets of the Company, as shown in the Balance-Sheet, are £91,202,344, being an increase of £4,209,341 during the year," and also that the Company "has set aside this year the sum of no less than £1,050,000, or nearly £1,200,000, if the increased amount carried forward is taken into account, to meet the altered conditions induced by the war, and, as I have endeavoured previously to explain, the Company has decided to adopt a most generous course to the policy-holders who have answered their country's call, and has put aside reserves which it is hoped, will be sufficient to enable this course to be continued." (Applause.) The Chairman mentioned also that: "The Prudential has already shown that it is prepared loyally to do its share" in preserving the financial resources of the country for the purpose of successfully conducting the war, "by its large participation in the War Loan." Reference was also made by the Chairman to the arrangements made that members of the staff should not suffer financial loss because of their engagement on active service, and he added: "In my judgment, the record of the Prudential and the work of its staff during the present national crisis, may well form the subject of profound thankfulness and satisfaction on the part of all who are associated with the Company." The motion was carried unanimously.

Complexions MADE at Home!

BY this is not meant the Paint and Powder artificiality too often seen, but a natural transformation of the skin by dint of proper treatment. The results are Natural Colour and the smooth and supple skin-texture of a child.

MY self-treatment at Home is perfectly simple, and, if duly carried out, will not fail in a single instance. All my preparations are the outcome of some years' practical laboratory work under the most famous Complexion Specialist in the world.

LAVINE SKIN-FOOD

—removes freckles, sunburn, and other facial blemishes, and will impart and preserve a lustre and softness to the skin, together with a freshness that is altogether admirable.

Prices 3/6, 7/6, 15/6 a jar.

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Eleanor

(late with Madame Rubinstein).

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"My heart's right there"



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Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

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ABSOLUTELY BRITISH

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ONLY MAKER OF "HALLZONE" IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"
21/- RIDING BREECHES
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We specialise on Cut & Fit of Dress, Morning & Hunting Suits.
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

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For Cold, Cutting Winds, Chapped Faces and Cracked Lips, Roughness of the Skin. Harmless. Neither sticky nor greasy; can be used at any time. One application gives instant relief. At all Chemists, 6d., 1/-, and 2/6 per bottle; post free, 7d., 1/3, and 2/9 per bottle. All orders for 3/- worth of goods and upwards POST FREE.—Clark's Glycola Co., Oak Grove, Crickwood, London, N.W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

VERBOTEN-LAND: "DOMESTICITY" IN GERMANY.*

Flats!

Above all things, Germany is the "verboten" land. So many things are forbidden that nothing short of a calculating machine could keep count of them. "Every Man His Own Lawyer" would be the size of a brace of London Directories if it were published in the enemy's country. Landlord and Tenant, for example, would call for many lengthy chapters. An you wish to rent a flat in Berlin, you must remember much and sign more. "First is a clause requiring you to pay rent in advance. Next follow two thousand words of House Statutes, for violating any of which you may be ejected. You may not tub before seven in the morning or after eleven at night; in winter you may not open windows for more than an hour a day; when you make music you must, at all seasons, keep the windows shut; you may not wash sheets at home, though you may wash handkerchiefs; you must not let your children play on the stairs; you may keep no animals; you must put a rubber sheet under your typewriter; and you must not walk in heavy boots after ten. Some contracts provide that if you become a happy father your contract summarily ends. . . . Such Berlin contracts, opulent as they are, are less circumstantial than the provincial. The provincial landlord may insist, '47b.—The tenant undertakes to hang his windows with beautiful and distinguished curtains.' " If you are three days late with your rent or break a House Statute, you may be expelled summarily and must pay the rent to the end of your term. Having given notice, you can move only on the day appointed by the Herr Police-President. If you inhabit an Arbour Colony you meet other troubles. "Bureaucrats chivvy the colonists; fine them for watering the lignified geraniums on Sunday; forbid them to light matches; evict their cooking-stoves because the shed is 'an unregistered device the designs of which have not been passed by the Building-Police.' " If you have a balcony you may sun-bathe on it; but there are many less exciting things you may not do. You may water your flowers on it—in regulation hours! "It was while armed with a watering-can that Herr Undertaker Buehl of Berlin-Pankow fell dead with joy on seeing his wife's betrayer come down the street in a new silk hat." All these things whether you have a common or garden or a high-gentlemanly flat!

Jagow
Everywhere.

In fact, Jagow is everywhere. On Aug. 1 you read he has forbidden hat-wearing in the theatres; "on Aug. 2 that he has forbidden hat-pins in hats; on Aug. 3 that he has fixed Oct. 1 for opening

* "The Human German." By Edward Edgeworth. (Methuen; ros. 6d. net.)

autumn sales; on Aug. 4 that he has forbidden artists to paint public automobiles with purple-grape festoons on a silver ground; on Aug. 5 that he has expelled twelve hundred artists from sixth-floor studios; on Aug. 6 that he says pedestrians must cross Friedrichstrasse at an angle of 43° 37'; on Aug. 7 that he has forbidden Wilmersdorf to build a swimming-bath." Officialdom is all-powerful. "The State neither stamps nor O.H.M.S.'s its letters, but sends them unstamped, and collects pennies and halfpennies at your door. . . . When you order the State to install a telephone, thus degrading it to tradesman's rank, it makes you pay postage both ways; you wait for the telephone a month, and once a week, even though you make no complaint, the State sends you an unstamped 'collect-on-delivery' post-card saying that the telephone will come."

The Servant.

And the servant! "Prussian legislation evilly entreats Hedwig. She lives in servitude; must obey unreasonable orders; may be fined by her mistress; must pay for spoiling things—not tempers; and in strict law cannot leave the house, except to a parent's funeral, or her own. Christmas and New Year's presents given to her by her master or mistress may be demanded back if she is discharged owing to her own fault within a year." But—she must be treated with respect. "The law which scorns to protect her dinner faithfully protects her dignity; and if you call her a donkey, a noisy hussy, or even a thoughtless thing, she will have you up for insult." All of which shows true Teutonic lack of humour.

Every Man,
Woman, and Child
a "Criminal."

As a result, "Learned statisticians write books to prove that the only Germans who keep out of prison are forgers, wife-beaters, and warders. Some exaggerate. . . . Each year new laws are made, and subtler, sterner tests of legality imposed; so that, when tying your boot-strings, or cutting your finger-nails—or friends, you are always in dread of violating a clause of the R.S.G.B. But that was always so. 'It is impossible,' said Bismarck, 'to get out of bed and walk to the window without transgressing a Prussian law.' " For example, railwaypenaljurisprudence hangs Damocles-sword-wise over your head through life, from the hour when, having been born in a D-train, you are fined six marks for travelling without a ticket, to the merciful hour when a locomotive severs your neck. The railway servants are sworn constables; and, it seems, are also judges and bailiffs, for they not only arrest and indict you, but fine you and collect the fine on the spot." There are many other things not deemed worthy a trial. Oh, what a happy land is—Germany!—An exceedingly fascinating book this, and, at the same time, instructive: everyone should read it.

When you are sending Cigarettes to the Front send the Lucky Black Cat CIGARETTES



The kind the men
appreciate most
and ask for.

At all Tobacconists, in boxes of
10, 20, 50 & 100.

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Special Export prices at
our West-End Branch,
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Every Packet contains an English-French Dictionary.

"Black Cat" for luck.

"His name is 'Bob' Flower, and he is a private in the 16th Lancers. In common with other cavalymen, he took his turn in the trenches at Ypres, and was lying there one afternoon when a 'Black Cat' Cigarette label blew into the trench in which he was with three other men. He shouted, 'Hello, here's a Black Cat label—we're bound to be lucky to-day.' The necessary personalities were levelled at him for believing in the luck of anything black, but Flower picked up the label, and intends taking it back to Doncaster with him. He was the only man that left the trench that night alive."—Bradford Argus, Jan. 18.

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Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army & Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridges', Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows' at 1/1 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1/3 and 2/6 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.



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Let your child wear the Claxton Ear Cap in the nursery and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will be corrected. The Claxton Ear Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are pliable. Made in 21 sizes. Send measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ear. Price 4/6, from Harrod's, Selfridges', Whiteley's, John Barker, Ltd., John Barnes & Co., Ltd., D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd., E. & R. Garrould, Jones Bros. (Holloway), Ltd., Spiers & Pond's, Woolland Bros. or direct from S. K. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

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A TRUE friend will bring you at all times the priceless gift of comradeship, encouragement and sympathy.

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BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER **6** $\frac{1}{2}$ d. OZ.

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MEDIUM. 3d. for 10.



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